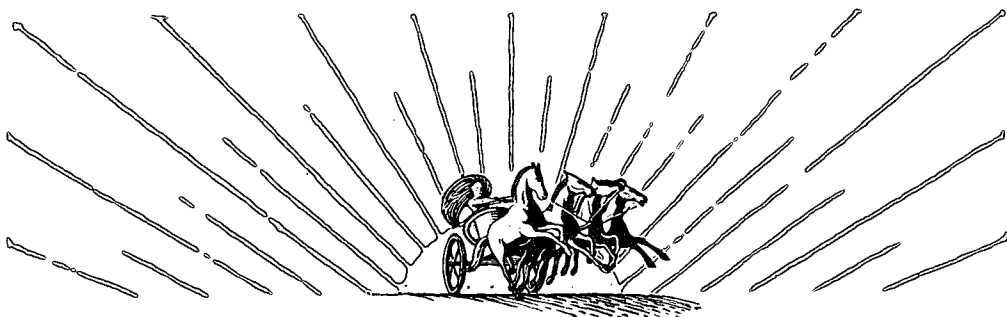




THE LIVING AGE

[MONTHLY NUMBER]

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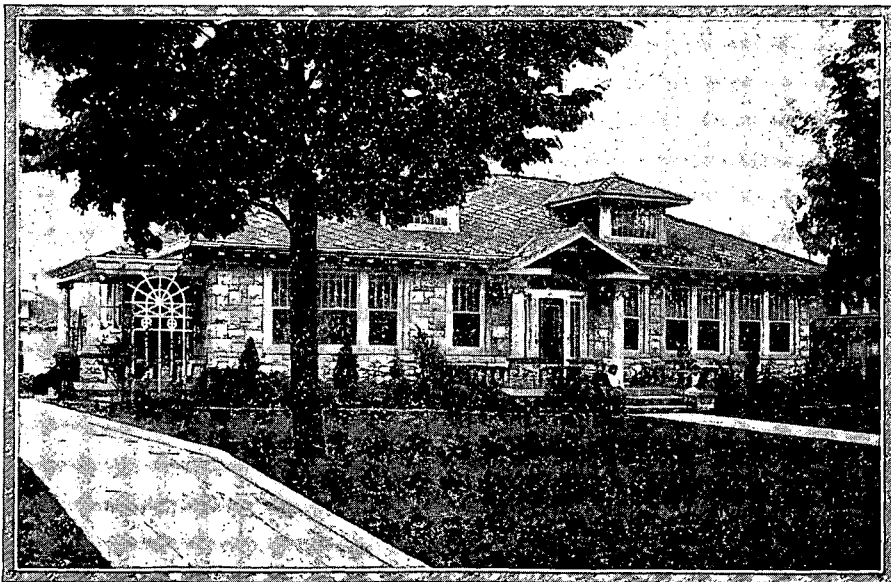
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JUNE EVENTS ABROAD

BELGIUM

Procession of the Holy Sacrament. Ghent. During the month.

Benediction of the Sea. Ostend. June 27-July 3.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

International Congress of Librarians. Prague. June 28-July 3.

DENMARK

Five-hundredth Anniversary of Hamlet's Town. Elsinore. June 2.

International Regatta. Copenhagen. June 23-27.

FRANCE

Annual Fair. Brest. During the month.

Seventh Annual Agricultural and Industrial Exhibition and Fair. Bourges. During the month.

Fourth Annual Exhibition and Fair. Luçon. During the month.

Semiannual Exhibition and Fair. Agen. June 1-15.

Exhibition and Fair. Alais. June 1-July 15.

Poire du Sacre. (Held every year since 1647; the finest show of wines and flowers in the West of France.) Angers. June 3-13.

Industrial and Commercial Fair. Orléans. June 5-14.

Endurance Grand Prix of Auto-Club de l'Ouest. Sarthe. June 12-13.

Annual International and Colonial Sample Fair. Bordeaux. June 15-30.

Fair for Hides and Raw Leather. Chalon-sur-Saône. June 24-30.

GERMANY

Agricultural Machinery Exhibit. Breslau. During the month.

Hotel Industries Show. Hamburg. During the month.

Festival of Roses. Wiesbaden. During the month.

German Engineers' Meeting. Heidelberg. During the month.

Open-air Plays. Hohentwiel Castle. June 1-September 30.

Illumination of the Castle. Heidelberg. June 2.

Festival of German Workmen Singers. Ulm-on-the-Danube. June 5-7.

Theatre and Film Exposition. Magdeburg. June 5-August 1.

GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND

Torquay Carnival. Torquay. During the month.

Glasgow Agricultural Society Show. June 1.

The Derby. Epsom Downs. June 2.

U. S. A. vs. Great Britain. Golf. St. Andrews. June 2-3.

Suffolk County Agricultural Show. Stowmarket. June 3-4.

Crystal Palace Handel Festival. Sydenham. London. June 5-12.

Three Counties Agricultural Society Show. Gloucester. June 8-10.

Royal Cornwall Agricultural Show. Launceston. June 9-10.

First Test Match (Cricket). England vs. Australia. Nottingham. June 9-11.

Royal Horse Show. Richmond. June 10-12.

Royal Agricultural Exhibition. Reading. June 10-12.

First International Foundry Trades Exhibition. London. June 10-19.

Ascot Meeting. Ascot. June 15-18.

Grand Yorkshire Gala. York. June 16-18.

International Horse Show. London. June 17-26.

Wolfe Tone Anniversary Celebration. Bodens-town, Co. Kildare, Ireland. June 20.

Summer Race Meeting. Newcastle. June 22-24.

Glasgow Herald Golf Tournament. Gleneagles. June 28.

ITALY

Second International Building Trades Exhibition. Turin. During the month.

Sample Fair. Padua. June 5-20.

Bicycle Marathon of Italy. Milan. June 6.

First Automobile Race for the cup of Ascari and Giundani. Monza. June 6.

Feast of St. Anthony of Padua. Scanno. June 13.

International Ski-Jumping Contests. Colle Isaco (Dolomites). June 14.

International Tennis Match. Venice. June 15.

Feast of St. John. Florence. June 24.

Fair of St. John the Baptist. Thiene. June 24.

Motor-cycle Race. Padua. June 27.

POLAND

Agricultural Show. Grudziadz. During the month.

SWEDEN

Baltic Fair. Stockholm. June 14-20.

Midsummer Festivities. Rättvik, Dalecarlia. June 23-24.

SWITZERLAND

Fête des Narcisses. Montreux. June 5-6.

International Music Festival. Zurich. June 15-22.

International Exhibition of Sports. Zurich. June 15-July 15.

Ancient Fête. 'Sunday of Benediction.' Valley of Lotschen. Mid-June.

Venetian Night Festival. Zurich. June 19.

Flower Festival and Fête de la Jeunesse. Geneva. June 26-27.

International Rowing Regatta. Lucerne. June 26-27.

AMONG OUR AUTHORS

Hugh F. Spender belongs to a famous family of English journalists which includes J. A. Spender, the former editor of the *Westminster Gazette*, and Harold Spender, a publicist of note. He has himself been a diplomatic correspondent for the *Gazette*, and is at present the Geneva correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor*. He has written much on foreign affairs in the monthly reviews, and is the author, sometimes in collaboration with his wife, of several novels with a political background. He is one of the three joint editors of the encyclopædic year-book, *Europa* (see 'Books Abroad' in the *Living Age* for April 17).

José Vasconcelos is a young Mexican writer and publicist imbued, like most of the public figures of his generation in Mexico, with Socialistic ideas. At one time Rector of the University of Mexico, he became Minister of Education in Obregón's first Government, and in that rôle was responsible for a series of fundamental reforms of an educational sort. He is the author of *Prometeo*, a volume of literary essays, and of other works. Latterly he has spent some time in Europe, and has received much attention in Spain and Portugal.

Karl Gustav von Platen is a German ethnologist and traveler who, like many of his countrymen, knows how to combine scholarship and adventurousness.

Readers of the first installment of his revelations will remember that Colonel Lebaud is a retired French army officer who was second in command of the French garrison at Kaiserslautern in the Palatinate during the occupation of the Rhineland.

Augustine Birrell, the son-in-law and biographer of Frederick Locker-Lampson, has been in English political life off and on since 1889, when he entered Parliament; but he is far better known to the world as one of the most distinguished literary critics of the older generation. His *Obiter Dicta* is one of the *loci classici* of the English critical essay in our times, and not much less could be said of *Res Judicate*, of *Men Women, and Books*, and of *Miscellanies*. He is the author of a biography of Andrew Marvell in the 'English Men of Letters' series, and (on a different level) the father

of Francis Birrell, of Birrell and Garnett, booksellers — the firm with the best name for literary purposes in the English-speaking world.

'The Thomas Hardy of Sussex' is the title that has been conferred more than once on Sheila Kaye-Smith — not entirely, it is said, to her relish. Yet the author of *Joanna Godden* and *Sussex Gorse* cannot whole-heartedly resent the comparison with a writer who did somewhat earlier for the West Country what she in those books has done with consummate art for Sussex. Like Kipling, Blunt, and Hilaire Belloc, she is a literary exploiter of that southern county, and one of its most distinguished residents. Like Mr. Mackenzie, whose work she here criticizes, she is a fervent Anglo-Catholic. An early novel, *Starbrace*, which was reissued this winter, was reviewed in 'Our Own Bookshelf' in the *Living Age* for April 24.

C. E. M. Joad is an official in the Labor Ministry who has written a number of books on literary, philosophical, and scientific subjects, including a book on Robert Owen published by the Fabian Society, and a volume on Samuel Butler.

William Roberts is a bibliophile and art critic who has catalogued some of the most famous collections of England and America, including the collection of J. Pierpont Morgan. He is the author of the *Life and Works of John Hoppner, R. A.*, and a regular contributor to the *Times*, the *Nineteenth Century*, the *Fortnightly*, and other reviews.

One of the best-known contemporary writers of Catalan, not only at home but throughout Western Europe, Santiago Russinyol has ventured into the realms of the short story, the novel, and the drama with consistent success. In addition to his literary distinction, he is a landscape painter of more than ordinary talent, and has exhibited frequently in Parisian salons. 'He is a facile writer,' says the *Revue Bleue*, 'but his command over an animated irony keeps him from abusing his facility. He is one of those who have made the most effective fun of rules and yardsticks in art, and, if there were still any Bohemians, he would be an artistic Bohemian of the first order.'

STUDY SUGGESTIONS FOR THE CLASS-ROOM

May 1, 1926

EUROPEAN OPINIONS ON DISARMAMENT. (I) What are the main difficulties in the way of disarmament according to this writer? Explain the relation of Russia to the problem. Summarize and comment on 'the sharp difference of opinion that exists between the British and French points of view.' (II) What is the Eighth Article of the League Covenant? Explain (1) the Fourteenth Resolution adopted by the Third League Assembly; (2) the Eleventh Article of the Treaty of Mutual Assistance; (3) the Geneva Protocol. Discuss the relation between disarmament and 'the potential instruments of war.'

LATIN AMERICA: AN INTERPRETATION AND A PROPHECY. What have been the chief obstacles to the development of democratic institutions in Latin America? Identify: Isabella, Ferdinand /II, Bolivar, Iturbide, San Martín, Sarmiento, Lopez, Solano. Comment on the Chiapas incident.

WHY GERMANY IS NATIONALIST. (See also the *Living Age* for April 24.) Apply the tests of evidence to this witness. What was the Separatist Movement in the Rhineland? Summarize this writer's account of it. Explain: 'to throw her into the arms of Hindenburg.'

COMPTON MACKENZIE'S NOVELS. Define the general characteristics of Mr. Mackenzie's fiction. Explain the reference to Balzac and the *Comédie Humaine*.

THE VINDICATION OF SAMUEL BUTLER. On what grounds has the inheritance of acquired characteristics been defended? Define: (1) variations, (2) germ-cell, (3) chromosome, (4) gene, (5) unit character.

The purpose of these suggestions is not only to assist the teacher in adapting the *Living Age* to the class-room, they are also intended to show our more casual readers how readily the magazine lends itself to a systematic study of the world we live in.

In England, too!

THE HOUNDS OF SPRING,
Sylvia Thompson's fine novel, which is scoring so signal a success here this Spring, duplicates its American triumphs in England.

THE LONDON TIMES says:

She adds one more to the many novels that present the Great War as an unqualified though unavoidable disaster; and there is happily a touch of individual distinction in her handling of the subject.

"Extremely well and wisely done."

— LONDON MORNING POST

"She has written with startling beauty and unusual dramatic force."

— GLASGOW HERALD

"Probably the best picture of post-war restlessness that has yet been given to us in fiction."

— DAILY CHRONICLE

"Very true picture of a decade of disillusion."

— EVENING STANDARD

"Expertness is not a quality on which one dwells when it occurs in the book of a veteran, but it surprises us in this novel."

— MANCHESTER GUARDIAN

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NEXT WEEK

A SACRIFICED GENERATION

By Paul Scheffer

The Chinese student at home to-day is very much in the position of one 'wandering between two worlds, one dead, the other powerless to be born.' A German traveler describes and discusses some of the ominous aspects of the academic situation in China.

PLOT AND COUNTERPLOT

By Captain Popoff

For several years before the World War — and continuing through that period — Japan had a highly organized and insidious spy system throughout Siberia. The former head of the Russian secret service there, now an exile in Serbia, relates some of his experiences in counter-acting this menace.

THE AMERICAN CLAIMS

By a British Contributor

Senator Borah's resolution demanding reparations from the British Government for losses inflicted upon us by their blockade during the war has stirred up a hornets' nest abroad. This article is a well-tempered consideration of our claims.

THE BOOKS OF MY YOUTH

By Sir Oliver Lodge

It is 'callow young men in libraries' who, according to Emerson, do the serious work of the world — at least, when they are no longer young men. A great English physicist and spiritualist tells of some of the books that helped him to do his life work.

THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 329 — MAY 1, 1926 — NO. 4269



AROUND THE WORLD IN APRIL

APRIL has so far witnessed an international lull between the unsuccessful League session last month and the prospective meeting of the Preparatory Disarmament Commission in May. We have already discussed the first reaction abroad to Mr. Houghton's interview on the state of Europe, and we plan to print a French and a German article on that subject next week. It remains to be seen how effective Washington's diplomatic shock tactics — designed or undesigned — may prove to be in the event; but with Mexico at least they appear to have accelerated a settlement.

Russia was blamed for the postponement of the Preparatory Disarmament Meeting, originally scheduled for last February, because she refused to send official representatives to Switzerland until she received an apology and compensation for the murder of her last delegate to an international gathering in that country three years ago. France undertook to smooth over this difficulty, but Mr. Hennessy, the Socialist diplomat who bore her message to Bern, — whose Hibernian name, by the way, is associated with old and prominent French traditions, — pressed Russia's

cause so ardently that he overshot the mark. Poland and the other border States will hardly agree to reduce their present military establishments or to halt the construction of their young navies at a conference from which Russia is absent. Mr. Chicherin, the Moscow Commissar of Foreign Affairs, to be sure, professes warm sympathy with all disarmament proposals. He declared in a recent article that his country had consistently taken the initiative in this direction, beginning with the Genoa Conference, and had not only preached disarmament but had practised it. She has reduced her land forces from more than one and a half million men five years ago to less than six hundred thousand men at the present time. Continental countries are averse to considering land and sea disarmament as separate questions; while Great Britain and Japan are ready to do so, and our own Government rather insists upon this procedure. So long as the Washington ratio is maintained, Japan would welcome a considerable further reduction in naval strength and the abolition of the submarine. She also professes readiness to abandon her con-

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templated scheme of air-force expansion provided Russia participates in the Conference and gives similar guarantees. She has already reduced her military expenditures from about one half her budget in 1920 to a little over one quarter of her budget for the current year, and would be gratified if she could lower the percentage still further in order to relieve her overburdened taxpayers.

Since the storm subsided that broke over Mr. Chamberlain's head upon his return from Geneva, British politics have been devoid of sensational interest. A little group of Mr. Baldwin's followers which has criticized the Cabinet's liberal policies on previous occasions 'rose to protest' when the Government's Electricity Bill came up for approval, but did not carry opposition further. This scheme to reorganize, systematize, and centralize the business of manufacturing, transporting, and distributing electricity in the United Kingdom is planned to interfere as little as possible with private enterprise. Nevertheless, extreme social-phobists are alarmed, for experience shows that when a State Board, such as is provided in the present Act, acquires jurisdiction over any business field its functions expand and tend gradually to edge out the private undertaker. A more critical problem faces Mr. Baldwin's Government in connection with the Coal Commission's Report, which it has agreed to accept provided employers and employees follow suit. That does not remove the immediate subject of contention between the latter, which is over the question of wages. These are under negotiation as we write, and upon an agreement regarding them depends the maintenance of industrial peace. British Labor is gradually consolidating its organization into great alliances embracing workers in groups of industries essential for the

very existence of our complex social mechanism; but apparently without immediate aggressive intent. A prominent Labor politician who has just made a four months' study tour of the United States has returned to his country convinced that our industrial horizon is very gloomy. His opinion is absolutely the reverse of that of the British engineers, and of other inquirers, who have carried back to Great Britain most optimistic accounts of our country. He criticizes the spread of the system of installment buying among us, and thinks the bottom will drop out of our prosperity when the world stops borrowing money of us. That, he opines, will be sooner than we anticipate, for 'a large part of America's loans are being used to set up the machinery for mass production in various parts of the world, particularly in any country where labor is cheap. Ere long this will involve losing the trade of these countries and, by virtue of competition, of other countries also.' Nevertheless he thinks we have some lessons for his fellow workers. 'What American Big Business teaches us, as Socialists, is to be bold, to conceive big schemes, to trust and pursue our vision until it is embodied in reality.'

Ireland seems to be in an ebb of political apathy after the high tide of enthusiasm and idealism that accompanied the winning of self-government. Republican enthusiasm has waned, partly on account of internal dissensions. According to one Irish correspondent, 'the refusal of America as well as Ireland to provide further supplies did as much as anything else to create the crisis that has brought the anti-treatyite movement to a dead stop.' Indeed, Irishmen of all parties and creeds have apparently grown tired of furnishing money for political campaigns, and the Free-Staters are suffering as badly as their opponents. At a

recent by-election in County Dublin the Government was unable to finance its candidate, who had to rely on the liquor interest for his funds. A pleasant feature of the situation is the decline of violence and of sympathy with violence. The civilian police with their batons are better obeyed than the old Royal Constabulary ever were, and were able this year to enforce a dry St. Patrick's Day without difficulty, although under the old régime the most diligent and drastic efforts of the authorities used to prove utterly futile to prevent patriots from 'drowning the shamrock.'

France has nominally balanced her budget by raising taxes, and has thus escaped the threatened May inflation, which apparently was a bigger bugaboo to the deputies than the unpopularity of higher imposts. This was accomplished by the seventh Finance Minister to hold office within the past twelve months. It followed a sensational by-election in Paris in which two Communists carried the polls, evidently with the help of electors of other Parties. One of the Conservative candidates was under a cloud because while occupying a Government post he was alleged to have acted as the agent of an airplane company in securing contracts from the War Department. *L'Ère Nouvelle*, a pro-Herriot paper, declared reassuringly: 'Paris does not belong to Communism in any sense, but to the Republican Parties who have shut out the Fascisti. Paris voted against little Reynaud and young de Kerillis because those boys were the candidates of the Blue Shirts and the reactionaries.' It had been predicted by shrewd observers that the Communists would draw votes from the Socialists in France on account of the unpopularity the latter have incurred by their vacillating policy during the financial crisis. This election more than balanced the success of

André Tardieu last February in the Belfort district. That vigorous Clemenceauist entered his campaign with the declaration that he was not a member of either the National Bloc or the Cartel of the Left, and that he repudiated all the old Parties and their programmes. After his election he declared that he found the electors cold to religious questions, and that they enthusiastically applauded his advocacy of the 'American church system,' where the churches are free and equal under the law, without any privileges or special legislation. He attributed the revolt of the taxpayers against new impositions to the fact that taxes had been steadily increased since the end of the war without apparent result in balancing the budget or maintaining the value of the franc. The people were discouraged because they seemed to be throwing the money they paid the Treasury into a bottomless barrel. The continued decline of the franc suggests, however, that French finances are not yet on a sound basis, and many predict a serious economic and political crisis in that country before the year is over.

Belgium, like France, has recently had a new depreciation. Her franc was supposed to be stabilized, and the weakness it developed last March was a disappointing setback not only to financial reconstruction in that country but also to business confidence elsewhere. The inability of the Government to deal promptly and decisively with its urgent budgetary problems is held responsible for this misfortune. Industrialists discovered that stabilization placed them at a disadvantage in competing with their French rivals, who 'enjoy' a still more worthless circulating medium and could undersell them for that reason. Taxation had to be increased in order to balance the budget, and nobody liked that. International finance refused its aid until there was

a fair prospect that sufficient revenues would be raised to pay for the use of new loans. The Socialists clamored that the exercise of this precaution was 'Anglo-Saxon financial domination.' Consequently everybody seems to have been at variance with everybody else, and in the resulting confusion the Belgian franc took its natural course — downward.

Germany seems to be sawing wood. Since discussion of the Geneva failure and the royal-property petition ceased to interest the public longer, politics has occupied relatively little space in her press. In fact, many evidences exist that Central and Southeastern Europe are settling down to a period of constructive coöperation. Perhaps comparative constructive coöperation relatively to the recent past would be a safer expression to use. Austria, Czechoslovakia, and Germany have been busy negotiating reciprocal trade arrangements, which were the occasion for the visit of Dr. Ramek, the Austrian Chancellor, to Berlin and Prague, in both of which capitals he was warmly welcomed. On March 23 the Hungarian National Assembly, by an overwhelming vote, approved the majority report of the committee appointed to investigate the franc forgeries, and gave Count Bethlen's Cabinet an ovation and a vote of confidence. Nevertheless, to quote *Pester Lloyd*, which supports the present Ministry, that body has undoubtedly lost prestige on account of this scandal. It observes that Count Bethlen would have received more support from the Entente States at Geneva, and might have secured more liberal concessions there, if it had not been for the odium of this affair. But the Premier acted very wisely, in the opinion of that journal, in going to Geneva and facing the situation there notwithstanding the prejudice against him.

Considerable importance is attached

to the retirement of Signor Contarini, Secretary-General of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs at Rome, who has held that post since 1920. Although a hold-over from the old régime, he has been the confidential adviser of the Fascist Government in all matters pertaining to his office, and to him is ascribed in a large measure the important changes that have occurred in Italy's relations with Central and Southeastern Europe during this period. After the Armistice Rome was chiefly concerned in preventing the formation of a Danube Union and any development likely to strengthen Yugoslavia. So intent was she upon this object that she even looked with tolerance upon Germany's desire to absorb Austria, as an event that would keep the Eastern Slav Powers from Czechoslovakia to the Balkans permanently in check. With Signor Contarini's appearance on the scene, however, this attitude was reversed. Germany became the enemy against whose possible aggression a barrier should be erected, and therefore good relations with Yugoslavia must be cultivated. This resulted in an ultimate smoothing-over of the Fiume controversy and the eventual formation of a coalition cabinet in Yugoslavia in which the controlling element was friendly to Italy. Italy's ambition became to establish her moral hegemony over the Balkans and the Danube countries and to supplant France in that part of Europe. German Nationalists, who got entirely out of hand and defeated the shrewder and more farsighted policies of the Berlin Government, gave wonderful aid to Signor Contarini's plans by starting an agitation over Lower Tyrol in conjunction with a new campaign for union with Austria.

The tension thus created has relaxed somewhat, however, and the pendulum is said to be swinging in the other direction. Berlin has managed to allay in a

degree Mussolini's suspicions of her motives. France, unwilling to suffer an eclipse of prestige in the Danubian and Balkan countries, has reasserted herself there — perhaps to the unsettlement of some of Italy's plans. At least M. Radič, the aggressively anti-Italian peasant leader of Croatia, whose sympathies are supposed to be pro-German, retired from the Pašić Cabinet in Yugoslavia and created a stalemate there. Somebody has been steadily promoting the idea of a Balkan Locarno, to include Yugoslavia, Greece, Bulgaria, and Rumania, and considerable progress in that direction has been made. Although Italy is reported to favor such a scheme, it would lessen the need of her friendly services in that part of Europe.

Italy has discovered, moreover, that as one of the signatories of the Locarno Agreement, guaranteeing both France and Germany from aggression on the Rhine, she cannot very well become implicated in any scheme of alliances, whether conceived in the Locarno spirit or not, that might be directed against either of the other Continental parties to that compact — an interpretation of her obligations that happens just at present to work in favor of Germany.

In Greece, where there has been a new Presidential election, General Pangalos, the new Chief Executive, aims at an ultimate return to constitutionalism; and it is interesting for Americans to note that he would do this by copying our own system of government — that is, he would give the Executive the powers of an American President and make the Senate and Chamber purely legislative bodies, thus doing away with a cabinet responsible to Parliament and with it avoiding the constant political intriguing and ministerial overturns that have done so much to discredit all parliamentary institutions since the World War.

At the end of March a new cabinet under General Averescu, who commanded Rumania's armies during the World War, took office at Bucharest. The General, a peasant's son himself, is the leader of the Peasant Party, which is virtually Left-wing Liberal, but his Cabinet contains members of the Right-wing Liberals, or Nationalists, who have been in power under Bratiano for several years, and whom he has until recently bitterly opposed. The new Ministry, which is not welcomed with enthusiasm by the European press, will probably continue the policies of its predecessor. Its main function is to hold a general election, the first under the new law, which provides that the Party receiving forty per cent of the total number of ballots cast shall be entitled to sixty-five per cent of the seats in the Chamber — provided, of course, that this forty per cent constitutes a plurality. Rumania presents sharp contradictions just at present. On the one hand, Government finances seem to be healthy, and last year's budget closed with a nominal surplus. On the other hand, private business is bad and the currency remains depreciated. Money or credit for commercial purposes is practically impossible to obtain. At the time of the New Year's settlements last winter more than one thousand commercial drafts were protested in Bucharest in a single day.

Conditions are apparently quiescent for the moment in Morocco while France and Spain negotiate with the Moors for a peaceable settlement of the difficulties there. Last month the London *Times* published a letter which Abd-el-Krim addressed to its editor late in January but which was delayed in transmission, in which the Riffian leader declared: 'We demand nothing but our rights, and we defend nothing beyond what we consider it our duty to

defend. The sole purpose of all our actions is to arrive at peace. We desire to educate our people and to reform our country. We are always ready to make peace and to come to terms, as soon as we can perceive that our enemies recognize justice and admit our legitimate rights without (the enjoyment of) which we cannot exist. The Rif has characteristics of its own and an ability to exist which entitle it to be governed for and by its own people and to live as other nations do, in liberty and independence. The Rif trusts that when it obtains those rights, and its just demands are accepted, it will live in peace and tranquillity with all its neighbors and open its door to foreigners in a fitting way to bring about happiness. These are our hopes and our desires.' This, of course, is not a clear-cut peace proposal, and the negotiations that are said to have occurred or to be contemplated will presumably be conducted with a more precise agendum. All parties are weary of the campaign: France has many reasons besides aversion to sterile fighting to wish for a speedy settlement of her troubles in that quarter. Pertinax, the slashing leader-writer of *L'Écho de Paris*, referred recently to some of these: 'The French régime in Morocco is passing through a painful crisis. The depreciation of our currency, which falls faster than the prices of merchandise and property can be marked up or salaries can be raised, has created a spirit of irritation that extends even to the natives. Hitherto they have lived in the shadow of a great chief whose alert and powerful personality has masked the feebleness of his government at home. Now they have discovered, all of a sudden, that our Parliament is in helpless chaos. . . . Added to this, they learn of ambitious colonization projects which we have imprudently advertised and which they regard as a sign that

they are to be despoiled of their property. At the same time, bickerings among our officials fill the local press and lower their respect for our administration.'

The report of the Permanent Mandates Commission on the troubles in Syria presented to the Council of the League last month escaped public notice on account of the more important matters before that body, but it contains some severe reflections on the French administration. It began by complaining that the mandatory Power had not supplied the Commission with proper information. It found the judicial system set up there unsatisfactory, condemned tying up the Syrian pound with the French franc, and censored the mishandling of the Druse. It contained some caustic criticism of General Sarrail and his subordinates, and hints that some of the methods proposed by M. Jouvenel, the present Commissioner-General, are of doubtful advisability, but concluded with an expression of hope that he will be able to repair the errors of the past. *Le Matin's* Cairo correspondent writes that every day brings new evidence that the Druse revolt did not break out spontaneously in Syria, and is not a national affair, but the result of a plot worked out long beforehand by anti-French and anti-European organizations, the most important of which is the Syro-Palestine Committee in Cairo. The members of this body are rich men ready to devote their wealth to supplying arms and munitions to insurgents and to sending delegates to Geneva or Rome to protest against French rule. They have a Syrian Information Office at Cairo which supplies news dispatches and articles to two hundred and eleven newspapers printed in Arab, Hindu, and Western tongues, and has a body of twenty-five correspondents constantly in its employ.

Lord Irwin has assumed office as India's new Viceroy, succeeding Lord Reading, who leaves the Indian people in a better political mood than when he took office. Nevertheless, disorders like the Hindu-Moslem outbreak in Calcutta early in the month, which cost the lives of forty people, indicate the seriousness of the internal problems that face the new administrator. An attempt has been made to unite the political parties opposed to the Swarajists and Noncoöperationists under the name of United Nationalists.

For a time it looked as if an unpleasant incident might arise over the closing of the Taku River by General Feng's forces at Tientsin in order to keep Chang Tso-lin from landing troops to attack that city. A Japanese destroyer was fired upon and members of its crew were wounded. The Powers promptly presented a note of protest and the river was opened, and Chang Tso-lin lieutenants occupied Tientsin. China's triangle, which it is to be hoped is not eternal, still involves Chang Tso-lin, the Christian General Feng Yu-hsiang, and Wu Pei-fu, who has come back sufficiently to be recognized as the former's ally instead of his opponent as last summer. Feng is said to be withdrawing to the northwestern provinces to recuperate and possibly to accumulate a supply of ammunition. In the South, Canton is more or less active, apparently preparing to attack Wu Pei-fu from the rear. Japanese and European influence is said to have been thrown into the scales of war in favor of Chang Tso-lin and Wu Pei-fu, who has always been the favorite of the Western Powers. The *New Statesman* declares that 'foreign Governments and foreign armament firms and shippers certainly are playing a mischievous hand in this imbroglio, and it is essential that the traffic in munitions should be stopped'; but it emphasizes at the same time that

the stopping must be done by Russia as well as by the Governments represented at the treaty ports.

Japan has been humiliated by disclosures of corruption or attempted corruption in the Diet and by an unseemly fight in that body which resulted in more or less — superficial — injury to one or two of the members. The press expressed profound disgust at both incidents. Tokyo *Asahi* said: 'The brutality of the members of the Diet debases the moral standards of the nation. . . . That body is a group of wild beasts.' *Yorodzu* described Japan as a country entering the shadow after the sunset of the Meiji age. Even her religious world 'is all corruption, decadence, deterioration, and immorality.' The growth of great cities and the rise of modern industrialism have demoralized the nation. Children are growing up to think of the Diet as a place of 'ugly disputes and brutal fights.' Simultaneously, however, a new Proletarian Party is being formed, — this time with the consent of the Government, — and there is evidence of new political forces astir throughout the nation.

All of the Australian States except one have Labor Governments, although — largely due to the influence of Victoria, which is more Conservative — the Federal Ministry is merely Liberal. Recently the Premiers of the Labor States proposed to London that the office of State Governor should always be filled by an Australian citizen nominated by the local Cabinet, instead of by a titled or knighted Britisher as at present. The minister to whom this request was addressed replied tactfully that the British Government would of course bow to the wishes of the Australian people, but that so important a constitutional change could only be made when there was undoubted evidence that the Australians really wanted it. The Labor Party holds

DISARMAMENT AND SECURITY¹

BY JACQUES KAYSER

'To make war one must have armaments. Abolish armaments, and you abolish war.' Ordinary people reasoned thus before 1914. But it took the World War to make so simple a proposition comprehensible to governments. Before that conflict the only people who understood the perils of an armed peace and who insisted upon the limitation, and eventual abolition, of armaments by international accords were regarded as Socialists and Radicals. Today these demands are considered normal, legitimate, and wise.

Even the very drafters of the Versailles Treaty were impressed with this truth, and expressly recognized it in the Eighth Article of the League Covenant, which declares that 'the members of the League recognize that the maintenance of peace requires the reduction of national armaments to the lowest point consistent with national safety and the enforcement by common action of international obligations,' and requires the Council to 'formulate plans for such reduction for the consideration and action of the several Governments.' Furthermore, the Fifth Article of the Treaty itself provides for the disarmament of Germany, and machinery was set up at Versailles to prevent any of the conquered countries from creating military establishments endangering the peace of the world.

It is in virtue of the Eighth Article of the League Covenant from which we have just quoted that this question

will come before a Preparatory Commission at Geneva on the fifteenth of May this year. That Commission will not have to consider all phases of disarmament, for certain of these have already been settled or are reserved for separate discussion. It has previously been decided that there shall be complete publicity in respect to the armaments of all countries; and the members of the League have obligated themselves to furnish such information to the Secretariat of that body. It was upon the basis of such information that the League issued the first volume of its *Military Annual* two years ago. International trade in arms and the munitions of war has been regulated, and methods of controlling their manufacture are being studied. Last June a majority of the nations of the world, excepting Soviet Russia, adhered to a convention for restricting the international trade in war materials. The two principal provisions of this convention are — that the exportation of arms to private parties is prohibited, and that the exportation to governments is regulated and supervised. No agreement has yet been reached for regulating the mere manufacture of war materials, but that subject is under investigation.

So much for the preparatory work. It now remains to deal with the most urgent and central question — that of reducing and limiting armaments in general. This is the task for which the Preparatory Commission has been created.

¹From *La Revue Mondiale* (Paris current-affairs semimonthly) March 15

France's attitude toward the subject has varied at different periods. When the Treaty of Peace was drafted, disarmament was considered from a single angle. It was to be enforced by Interallied authorities. After that job was done it would be time for the Allies to consider their own disarmament. None the less, it was recognized that a general reduction of armaments by all nations was the ultimate purpose in view; and that is what was expressed in the Eighth Article of the League Covenant from which we have quoted.

M. Poincaré, when Premier, took the position that general disarmament must be preceded by a military alliance of the Allied Powers. After the elections of May 11, 1924, M. Herriot, the new Premier, in accord with Ramsay MacDonald, the British Premier, immediately addressed himself to this question, and France announced at the Fifth League Assembly at Geneva a new doctrine, which was approved by a majority of her people and was received with favor by almost every other country represented there. This was the doctrine that security and disarmament are inseparably associated, and was expressed, first, in the famous Fourteenth Resolution adopted by the Third League Assembly, declaring that many governments are unable seriously to reduce their armaments unless they are previously assured of their military security; second, in the Eleventh Article of the Treaty of Mutual Assistance, under which the contracting parties agreed to notify the Council of the League of Nations of the reductions of armaments that they considered possible in view of the security furnished them by the General Treaty and its supplementary accords; and, third, in the Geneva Protocol, adopted by the Sixth League Assembly.

A weak country cannot disarm if it

believes that it is surrounded by either general or specific dangers. It will not disarm, in other words, until it is safe from attack. It is this feeling of danger that divides France and the smaller European States from Great Britain. One of the chief merits of the Geneva Protocol was that it defined explicitly, down to the minutest detail, what the sanctions were for a breach of international peace, and how they should be applied.

Great Britain wants such sanctions to be general and discretionary. Can she then insist that disarmament be specific and obligatory? On this point France and Great Britain cannot see eye to eye.

But assuming that this fundamental question, of the bearing upon disarmament of national security as it affects each individual government, is at length settled, — a difficult achievement, because every Great Power honestly believes in the policy that its history, its geographical situation, its temperament, and its economic interests dictate, — there will still remain the question of determining how far limitation in general shall go. That immediately brings us to another difference of opinion between the representatives of France and those of Great Britain. The latter insist that the limitations shall apply only to the visible and specific instrumentalities of war, to the things that can be mobilized immediately. On the other hand, the French argue that we must also take into account the potential instruments of war — that is to say, the power that any government can eventually put into the field. That potential armament includes, not only a nation's army and stores of arms and munitions, but also its population, its food supply, its industrial plant, its financial resources, its geographical position, its facilities for rapid mobilization, its ability to

increase its output of arms and munitions, and many other things.

It is not necessary to dwell further on points where France and England hold different views. We know perfectly well that both Governments want to guarantee peace by every means in their power, and we hope that their delegates on the Preparatory Commission will be able to discover some compromise satisfactory to their people at home and to their experts. But we must bear in mind that, all-important as the subject is, the difficulties in the way of such an agreement are manifold.

For instance, there is the question of chemical warfare. It is exceedingly difficult in times of peace to control the development of chemical works that could be easily converted into producers of toxic gases were hostilities to break out. We all know, of course, that a treaty has been signed at Geneva prohibiting the use of gas. It is just about as effective as a treaty prohibiting resort to war. If we can stop war,

we can stop chemical warfare; but as long as there is war it is chimerical to imagine that gas will not be used. The attacking government will employ every resource it possesses to win; the State attacked will defend itself with every weapon in its power. It will be almost equally difficult to control a nation's air force, for it takes only twenty-four hours to convert a commercial plane into a bombing plane.

These difficulties prove one thing — that, desirable as it is to regulate and to limit armaments, such control will never become effective until the people of the world are willing to lay down their arms. This was clear to the League Assembly in 1922 when it declared: 'Physical disarmament will accomplish little until an atmosphere of security and mutual confidence has been established.'

That brings us to the ultimate question — moral disarmament. If the world wants physical disarmament, it must discover first the secret of moral disarmament.

IS DISARMAMENT POSSIBLE ?

BY HUGH F. SPENDER

THE war, by shattering the greatest military Power in the world, destroyed the illusion that the security of nations rests on armaments. It proved, on the contrary, that the old adage, 'If you wish to keep the peace, prepare for war,' was the most dangerous advice that a nation could take. For it led to a

¹ From the *Fortnightly Review* (London literary and critical monthly), March

competition in armaments that imposed such an intolerable burden on all the nations, and created such rivalries and jealousies, that sooner or later war became inevitable. We now see that one of the root causes of the great catastrophe that overtook the world in 1914 was the very immensity of the armaments in which the nations hoped to find their security. They created a

dominant military caste in Europe that exercised a powerful influence over the policy of the governments of the nations that were engaged in the mad race to outbid one another in the production of the most efficient military machine. Whatever theory we may hold as to the origin of the war, — whether we maintain that Germany, dazzled by a belief in the invincibility of her army, precipitated war, or that Austria or Russia was the first to take the headlong plunge to destruction, — no one can deny that the situation created by the piling up of armaments placed all Europe on the slippery slope that led to war.

There was no excuse for the victorious nations to continue this system after the war, when Germany was compelled to disarm, the Austro-Hungarian Empire was dismembered, and the army of Bulgaria was reduced to a mere police force. And yet if we look round Europe to-day we find nation after nation still armed to the teeth. France has a peace establishment of six hundred and sixty thousand men, including her colored troops; Italy, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, and Rumania could between them place several millions of men in the field. Poland alone could mobilize a million men. Europe, including Russia, with the exception of Germany and her former allies, is an armed camp. This means a vast expenditure by countries that can ill afford it.

But now that America has consented to send a representative to a preliminary conference on disarmament, and Germany has also agreed to take part in it, we may hope that the Governments concerned will at last adopt a definite scheme to carry out the limitation of armaments provided for in Article 8 of the Covenant that the League, to do it justice, has endeavored to carry into effect. One of its first acts was the

establishment of the permanent Mixed Commission to advise the Council on the subject, which thus provided the machinery for carrying out the duties imposed on it by the Covenant. The Commission, indeed, drew up a scheme of disarmament that was incorporated in the Draft Treaty of Mutual Guaranties, and had the Protocol of Geneva been accepted it was to have been followed by an international conference on disarmament. The Assembly of the League has again and again insisted on the danger of armaments to the peace of Europe, the Fourth Assembly declaring that if the Treaty of Mutual Guaranties were accepted it should be followed by a conference on disarmament, and the Fifth Assembly attaching a similar condition to the ratification of the Protocol of Geneva. Moreover, the League has given its serious attention to the question of controlling the private manufacture of arms.

Great Britain has, indeed, given a proof of her good faith in the matter of disarmament by accepting the Washington agreement for a limitation of the number and size and gun power of her capital ships. She has agreed to abandon the two-Power standard in this respect in spite of the fact that France insisted on increasing her submarines and auxiliary craft, which are supposed to be the most dangerous enemy of the battleship. Both as regards submarines and aircraft, of which the French have more than the British, the Government of this country would have been willing to come to an agreement that would have led to a limitation of these weapons of war.

When, therefore, the French accused the British delegation at Geneva last year of trying to put a brake on the League's efforts to secure disarmament, they were on slippery ground. For it was not, indeed, our fault that naval armaments were not dealt with in a far

more drastic fashion at the Washington Conference, or that the question of land armaments was not considered at the same time. This Conference had, of course, nothing to do with the League, and since then both we and the United States have adopted the view that naval armaments should be considered separately. On this point difficulties are likely to arise, for France, supported by Italy and Japan, takes the opposite view that naval and military armaments should be dealt with at the same time. This, however, strengthens the British argument that the next international conference should not be hurried, but that the different Governments concerned should arrive at a preliminary understanding as to what they mean by armaments and their limitation, and that a careful examination should be made of the technical and scientific questions that lie at the root of the problem, before the League summons a conference.

The British view has prevailed, and it is now to be left to the Council of the League to determine when the time is ripe to summon the final conference on the reduction of armaments, the object of which will be to produce an agreed scheme. The fact that the United States has accepted an invitation to the preliminary Preparatory Commission is a great encouragement.

It is unfortunate that the Union of Soviet Republics should have a private quarrel with the Swiss Government that, in their opinion, prevents them from sending a representative to the Preparatory Commission. For so long as Russia holds aloof and takes no step to reduce her forces the problem of a general reduction of European armaments will be difficult to solve. None of the neighboring States will dare to reduce their armies until Russia disarms. But whether Russia attends the preliminary conference or not, it is im-

portant that it should be held. For only by this means can progress be made toward a general agreement, and the discussion should do a great deal to clear the air.

It is, above all, necessary that we should grasp the truth that so long as the problem remains unsettled and Europe continues to pile up her armaments the very existence of the League will be imperiled. For the Covenant of the League presupposes a state of society in which the appeal is to reason and not to force. In a world bristling with bayonets there can be neither good-will nor a desire for peace. Neither the Rhineland Pact nor the spirit of Locarno will endure unless the signatory nations agree to reduce their armaments and lay aside the fears, suspicions, and national antagonisms that a competition in armaments provokes. But how is this to be done unless the nations can be persuaded that their security will not be menaced by disarmament? Here we touch the root of the problem, which presupposes a measure of moral disarmament — that is to say, a change of heart and mind in the attitude of nations to one another. Such an idea is entirely new to a world in which international relations have been governed by the ultimate appeal to force, and in which the security of nations was perilously poised on the balance of power.

It is exceedingly difficult to rid the Continental nations of this idea, or to convince them that the lesson that they must learn from the Great War is that in armaments there is no real security, but that they tend, on the contrary, to produce those very evils that they are meant to prevent. Many Frenchmen still think of the Treaty of Locarno as a pact that strikes a balance of power in their favor. The German Nationalist desires to see the other nations disarmed because he hopes that when the

scale of armed forces has been adjusted German diplomacy will once more count in the world, the balance of force being equal. The Continent, in fact, still persists in thinking in terms of pre-war mentality, and when the British press for disarmament on moral grounds they are regarded with suspicion. For now that the German fleet has been destroyed, Great Britain, it is argued, can afford to use fine phrases about the necessity of other nations disarming if the peace of the world is to be preserved. She has got all the security that she needs, and her vaunted morality in reducing her navy to the one-Power standard for capital ships in regard to the United States is looked upon as nothing but British hypocrisy.

Indeed, the first difficulty that will arise in the discussions at Geneva when the Preparatory Disarmament Commission meets is the French demand, supported by Italy and Japan, that naval and military armaments should be considered integral parts of the same problem. The British and American Governments, which prefer to keep these two branches of armaments separate, may well protest that it was not their fault that at the Washington Conference a great deal more was not done to reduce naval armaments. Nevertheless, although Great Britain has proved her desire for a limitation of armaments by reducing the number of her capital ships and cutting her army to the pre-war standard, the cry will still be heard that she should make a further contribution if other nations are to reduce their land forces. It can be met by Great Britain and the United States promising to hold another conference on naval armaments and accepting the condition that the results of the land and naval conferences shall become operative at the same time.

In any event, the postponement of the consideration of naval armaments

need not prevent a Preparatory Commission from meeting to consider the question of land armaments. Several Commissions will probably be necessary before any result is achieved, for the questions which the preliminary inquiry has to solve are of a most baffling and perplexing kind.

The Commission has, in the first place, to decide what is to be understood by the term 'armaments' as applied to land and sea. The peace armaments of the nations — that is to say, the number of men that could be placed in the field and the strength of the armies in gun power and aircraft, as an index of their comparative striking-power — would appear at first glance to be the obvious definition of this term. But this would satisfy no one on the Continent but the Germans. The Preparatory Commission will therefore be involved in a searching investigation of different methods of training, recruitment, and organization. It will be asked to estimate the exact fighting-value of the small long-service German army as compared with the larger armies of the countries where conscription is in force. Many baffling factors concerning organization and rapidity of mobilization, the comparative value of weapons, and the training of the man behind the gun, will come into these calculations.

But these questions will be as child's play to the problem set to the Commission in the second question addressed to it: 'Is it possible to limit the ultimate war-strength of a country, or must measures of disarmament be confined to the peace armaments?'

'What is meant,' continues the question, 'by the reduction or limitation of armaments?' This point raises the sharp difference of opinion that exists between the British and French points of view on the whole problem of disarmament. In the note attached

to the question the representatives of the twenty-nine States assembled in Geneva will be invited to consider the different forms the reduction should take and their advantages or inconveniences.

Take another conundrum: 'Is there a distinction between offensive and defensive armaments, so that they should be placed in different categories for the purpose of comparison?' It is quite obvious what is in the French mind in insisting that such a question should be put to the Commission. But it really leads nowhere, for what nation will admit that its armaments have an aggressive character? The problems that the eight questions addressed to the Commission raise are in reality evidence of the extreme nervousness with which the French and the countries of Eastern and Southeastern Europe regard the proposal that they should reduce their armaments.

I do not share the view that they are deliberately designed by France and her satellites to involve the Commission in such a cloud of confusion that it will never emerge from it with a coherent plan for disarmament. But American opinion is growing suspicious as to the sincerity of the French, and on the face of it these questions have the appearance of having been drawn up with the intention of raising unnecessary difficulties. They represent a compromise between the British and the French point of view, in which the British spokesman on the Council, Lord Cecil, had a very difficult part to play, for the majority of the Council favored the French view.

The crux of the matter is the French demand for an investigation into the ultimate war-strength of nations. This, as Lord Cecil pointed out, would lead to no practical result, because it is impossible by any procedure of international negotiation to limit the eco-

nomic and industrial resources of a country. Moreover, the inquiry would be endless, and might well lead to dangerous friction between the various nations concerned.

But the French reply to this is that, since all the resources of a country, including its untrained man-power and industrial output, would be thrown into the scales of war, their value from the military point of view must be assessed. Otherwise, if France were to disarm to the same degree as Germany as far as visible armaments were concerned, she would have no security, because Germany, with her larger man-power and superior industrial organization, would in a few months prove to be a far stronger military power.

This sounds logical, but, apart from all other criticism, the plan has one fatal objection to it — that there is no competent authority that could decide the comparative value of these ultimate factors in war, even if it were possible to limit them and control them. No country would agree that its industrial efficiency or economic resources should be regarded as a reason for permitting its neighbor to retain larger military forces. To try to reach an agreement on these lines will rouse latent national antagonisms and suspicions to fever point.

But the Preparatory Commission has been asked to decide between the two points of view, and the future of the whole question of disarmament may depend on the answer it gives. For neither Great Britain nor the United States will consent to be drawn into what British and Americans hold to be a meaningless investigation, which, besides darkening counsel, might end in exciting violent passions. But the ease with which the French secured the postponement of the Preparatory Commission suggests that their voting-strength on it will prove superior to

British or American wishes if this question is put to the test.

If the Germans, who have been invited to attend the Commission, range themselves on the British and American side, that will not make the French less inclined to give way. It will require all the tact and discretion for which British diplomacy is justly famed to prevent the Commission from reaching a deadlock on this conflict of opinion. But the Commission, although it will not be less representative of the nations than the International Conference for which it is to prepare the ground, has, as its name suggests, no need to come to a hasty conclusion on any of the vexed issues submitted to it. France has most certainly no desire to be placed in the invidious position of appearing to block the way to an agreement on the reduction of armaments by insisting on an inquiry that, in the British and American view, could lead to no result, and might do a great deal of mischief.

At the same time an effort must be made to understand the French reasoning, which is honestly inspired by fear of the larger population, greater resources, and superior industrial efficiency of Germany. How this fear may be removed, so that France may take the real path of safety by a reduction of her armaments and enable a general agreement on this question to be arrived at which will prevent the competitive race in armaments that assuredly leads to war from starting again, is the problem that has to be

solved. Perhaps a scheme will be evolved by which the League will be entrusted with the duty of providing not only military but economic support to the victim of aggression. Article 16 of the Covenant will presently be in the melting-pot, owing to the assurance that was given to Germany in the Treaty of Locarno that it would be amended to meet the German objection to the automatic economic blockade. It may possibly provide the machinery for dealing with the French argument that, if a nation is to reduce its armaments, account must be taken, in striking the balance of visible forces, of the ultimate latent war-strength of other nations in their natural resources and industrial organization. By using the machinery of Article 16 the League may be able to give the assurance that the economic and industrial resources of its members, as well as their existing military power, shall be mobilized for the defense of any country that is attacked.

The problem, like the settlement of the Reparation question and the political issues that were dealt with at Locarno, will take time and patience to solve. It brings us back to the root of the difficulty that faces the League in attempting to bring the nations to an agreement on the disarmament question, which is the distrust and fear that still brood over Europe. To dispel this is the important work that has yet to be achieved before real progress in the limitation of armaments can be made.

LATIN AMERICA: AN INTERPRETATION AND A PROPHECY¹

BY JOSÉ VASCONCELOS

[UNFORTUNATELY, on account of its length, we are able to publish only a summarized translation of this brilliant address delivered in Vienna last December by the former Minister of Education of Mexico.]

LATIN AMERICA is certainly in many respects a mere reflection of Europe, but that does not compel it to repeat the history of Europe. Human experience is not entirely sterile; time does not pass in vain. So we Latin Americans are striving toward a new and original form of culture. We do not want merely to repeat the errors of our contemporaries or to return to the past.

This idea of creating something new in the world has hovered before the imaginations of our race ever since we became independent — in fact, ever since the days of the conquistadores and the early missionaries. Unfortunately the Spaniards who first came to America, although men of genius and bold emprise, were not free. They did not come from a republic like Venice or Florence; instead they left their native land at the very moment when her political liberties had begun to wane with the gradual suppression of self-government in Castile and Aragon and her free provinces. From Isabella, with the false legend of her jewels, to Ferdinand VII, the degenerate monarch upon whom history has attempted to throw

all the blame for her decline, — as if his predecessors had not contributed abundantly to that, — all the monarchs of Spain, and all those of England for that matter, did their utmost to keep America from becoming a land of freedom and justice and human liberty. Both monarchies set up monopolies that robbed the settlers of their natural commercial rights and deprived them of free intercourse with their neighbors. They tried to make America a rich refuge for ruined favorites, and a benefice for fortune-seeking place-hunters. To be sure, there were some excellent viceroys; but the governmental irresponsibility inherent in absolutist institutions was disastrous for both the motherland and her colonies.

North America broke away from the British Crown fifty years before we severed our ties with Spain, and she is now a full century ahead of us. We did at length win our independence, but we still suffer from the blight of three centuries of blind obedience. Our political parochialism and our dictatorial governments are largely a survival of the slave spirit that must have a chief, a cacique, a general, a lord, or a king to obey. This contemptible and servile devotion of man to man has borne unhappy fruit throughout our history. All our victories have proved but Dead Sea fruit. Our general poverty, our ignorance, our geographical isolation, have delayed our progress. And the system of despotic government established by Spain has been continued

¹From *Repertorio Americano* (San José Latin-American weekly), March 1, 8

by ignorant and uncultured military chieftains—a breed of barbarous *condottieri* who have been the scourge of our young nations.

The heroic and clear-visioned men who won independence for the Spanish colonies spent themselves in the struggle. Bolivar, our most illustrious chieftain, lost his popularity and power, and was succeeded by local leaders of secondary calibre. Sucre, the noblest and purest of our idealists, was murdered: A man presumably implicated in that crime was proclaimed President of one of our new republics, thus founding our long line of assassin executives.

In Mexico nearly all our real patriots perished in the conflict or were pushed to one side, and in the hour of victory Iturbide proclaimed himself Emperor, although he was a double traitor, having fought for years in the royal armies. San Martín, the glorious Argentinian patriot, was forced to flee from his native land, where political power likewise fell into the hands of petty generals and assassins. Such was our inheritance from the monarchy. Tyranny changes its tools, but not its method.

So disastrous have been these precedents that only a few Latin-American countries have been able to shake them off. Argentina did so many years ago. Brazil escaped this plague almost entirely. Uruguay was equally fortunate: Columbia has been governed from the first by men of letters instead of soldiers. Costa Rica and Cuba and one or two other republics have been less afflicted than their neighbors. But elsewhere the struggle between barbarism in its crudest and most primitive form and a nascent and still immature civilization has been prolonged until the present day, and continues to blight our national development.

Our dictators have not only kept our peoples in ignorance, but they have perpetuated their local antagonisms.

They are the chief fomenters of that jealous nationalism that belies our traditions and our cultural sympathies; for we were originally one nation under the sceptre of Spain, a continuous territory with a single language, a single religion, and a single culture. Their selfish ambitions and blind greed for power have wrecked the most promising plans for international coöperation. Only yesterday we witnessed a striking example of this. After a sort of political Moloch called *Estrada Cabrera* had been overthrown in Guatemala, the Presidents of the Central-American countries agreed to form a federation, and one day the cables informed us that these five executives had voluntarily abdicated their offices and would content themselves with the modest title of provincial governor under a constitutional convention of all the Central-American States. But instantly a military coup, a partisan revolt, overturned the revolutionary government in Guatemala, and the plan of a Central-American Union came to naught—to the gratification of certain North American interests who are deeply engaged in that part of the world.

These brute-force masters, who override the rights of the common people, are the principal cause of our economic as well as our political backwardness. They are largely responsible for the survival of our great landed estates. Some of our revolutionary leaders have indeed proclaimed themselves enemies of the landlords, but almost without exception they have concluded their careers by becoming great landlords themselves. Military power translates itself into possession of the land; king and emperor spell despotism and latifundia; but political liberty and an equal distribution of the land go hand in hand. Absolutism inevitably spells poverty for the masses and prod-

ignity and luxury for the few. Democracy alone, in spite of its failings, has carried us onward toward social justice — at least, democracy before it degenerates into the imperialism of overprosperous republics surrounded by decadent nations. Throughout Latin America the military leader has been the mainstay of the big-estate system. Even the most superficial examination of the title deeds of our great landlords shows that they derive in practically every instance either from royal grants or from illegal concessions made by successful generals to their supporters; and these grants and concessions have invariably been made without regard to the prior rights of the people who cultivated the land — of the natives and mestizos whose life was spent upon them. The wealth of the *hacendado* of Mexico, of the *estanciero* of Argentina, and of the *gamonal* of Peru began in every instance with brute-force seizure of other people's property.

Even in countries like Argentina, which rid themselves of military usurpers years ago, the fruit of that ancient evil endures in the form of great *estancias*, whose owners will not sell them at any price, but will only rent them to tenants who eke out a miserable existence in a condition little better than slavery. If it were not for this close corporation of landed aristocrats, Argentina would already rival the United States, whose prosperity, liberty, and stable democracy are so largely due to the fortunate policy she initiated in the beginning of dividing her land among small proprietors.

We Mexicans shall make no real progress, nor shall we have stable domestic peace, as long as the two social plagues of our country survive — great estates and military dictatorships. Our revolution of the last fifteen years has been simply a struggle to break the bonds of land monopoly and political monopoly,

to end the exploitation of the laborer, and to do away with tyranny and militarism in politics. Similar convulsions are sure to occur sooner or later in every other Latin-American country where the government does not accommodate itself betimes to the new spirit among the people. A mere glance at our history shows that every real right we enjoy, every step of social progress we have made, has been due to some revolutionary overturn, when control of the government has been wrested, albeit for a brief period, from the hands of the military oligarchy. The spread of popular education invariably coincides with these brief episodes of liberty. Since Sarmiento put through his great school reform in Argentina his country has ceased to produce Napoleons, 'saviors of the fatherland,' and revolutions. Her sister republics will eventually follow the same path.

Higher ideals nevertheless make progress in Latin America. It is interesting, for example, to observe that while post-war Europe still remains in the clutches of aggressive nationalism and her constituent nations sometimes seem more belligerently isolated from each other than ever before, a powerful movement for federation is manifesting itself on our side of the Atlantic. While Spain is disintegrating into nationalities, our people are dreaming of union in a vast new State. While other countries are erecting walls between themselves and their neighbors, our republics are throwing down the barriers that separate them. We possess, of course, the advantage of an ancient culture derived from a single source and an illustrious tradition that has not faded even during our darkest periods of barbarism and tyranny. When we broke away from the Spanish monarchy we did not sever our ties with Spanish civilization. We have drawn heavily,

to be sure, upon the culture of other countries — upon the political philosophy of France, the art of Italy, the philosophy of Germany. Even during our worst epochs of tyranny, freedom of thought has survived. We have been free to choose our own philosophy, religion, artistic canons, and even social and economic theories, for the despot has concerned himself only with things that threatened his personal power.

Moreover, whatever our political practices may have been, our political theories have invariably been liberal and democratic; and our governments have often adopted in their mutual intercourse policies looking toward higher conceptions of international law. Let me cite two striking illustrations of this. During the administration of Sarmiento, Argentina allied herself with Brazil and Uruguay to invade Paraguay in order to destroy there one of the worst tyrannies that have ever disgraced our unhappy continent. The ferocious despotism that dishonored the names of López and Solano belongs to the annals of criminology rather than national history. Unhappily the people of Paraguay defended their unworthy rulers with a valor as heroic as it was useless; and almost the entire male population of the country fell in the defense of its assassin rulers. But when resistance was finally crushed and Solano was eliminated from the scene, Sarmiento concluded a treaty which he signed with this famous phrase: 'Victory gives no rights.' Paraguay did not lose a square inch of territory, she was burdened with no indemnities, she was subjected to no humiliation by her conquerors. That precedent burned into the conscience of Spanish America the idea that territorial acquisitions made by force of arms are unjust and inconceivable.

The other example I shall cite is from my own country. A territory

called Chiapas lies between what were in Spanish times New Spain and the Captaincy-General of Guatemala. When Mexico won her independence Chiapas was included within her boundaries. Some years later, however, the people of that province thought they would like to join Guatemala. They debated the subject, took a vote, and did so. Not long afterward they regretted their move and thought it was better to reunite with Mexico. So they did this, and again became members of our Federation. During this period of vacillation it never occurred to anybody, either in Guatemala or Mexico, that the incident could lead to war. The people of Chiapas were never stigmatized as traitors either to Mexico or to Guatemala. In fact, so strong is our consciousness of ethnic unity that political frontiers are far less important with us than with European nations.

What is the strongest tie that binds together the peoples of Latin America? First of all, of course, is their common language. Portuguese and Spanish, the two Iberian cousin tongues, resemble each other so closely that we are not afflicted with Europe's curse of Babel. To know either of these tongues is all that is necessary to acquire cultural citizenship in any of our countries. They are a mental vehicle tested by centuries, glorified by great literatures, simple and logical in form, abundant in vocabulary, equal in every respect to the other civilized languages. Next to English, Spanish is probably the most widely spoken language in the world. It is the predestined mother tongue of millions who will inevitably live in close political and cultural communion, if not in absolute political unity. . . .

Civilization has become for the first time in history a truly universal phenomenon. It is not English, although the English dominate the world ma-

terially; it is not French, although French thought fascinates many nations; it is not German; it is not Italian. It is not even European, for Europe has borrowed much from other quarters of the globe and still has much to learn from them. So I believe that I can say confidently that now for the first time civilization begins to be world civilization, and no place is better suited for that coming development than my own almost virgin continent. But the task of building that civilization is too great, too urgent, too important, to be accomplished by any single race. Our continent is not reserved for the white man alone. The red man, the black man, the Asiatic, now share and throughout the future will share it with him. We are on the eve of a beneficent revolution, of a coming together in America of vast unexploited wealth and modern engineering science. They jointly will produce a paradise of abundance and happiness for her people. And the fairest fruit of that happiness will be a newer, higher, universal civilization.

All the world should welcome the erection of a great free State of Spanish origin in America, for that State will be in a sense every man's fatherland. Lovers of liberty throughout the world should resent as an attack upon themselves any attempt of the passing day's imperialism to overwhelm our weak republics. I do not except the good citizens of North America from the duty of defending our young societies; for they, too, represent a nation that has drawn its blood and vitality from all branches of the human brotherhood. And in honor of the truth I must say that many old-stock Americans in the United States uphold our hands in our struggle against capitalistic and conquering nationalism. They realize that the most powerful barrier we can oppose to the imperialism of our day is a

union of the oppressed of all nations against privilege and force.

Perhaps the most urgent need of our continent is to acquire the technical skill and the scientific knowledge required to utilize fully our natural wealth. For this we need the help of Europe as well as the United States.

Send us, therefore, your industrial pioneers and your engineers, and also your teachers and your artists, that they may labor in this great movement to universalize civilization that is stirring the whole globe.

I conceive social evolution to consist of five stages, each represented by its specific system of government — that of the soldier, the lawgiver, the engineer, the philosopher, and a final stage which we may call the anarchist period, because then we shall need neither laws nor government in order to dwell peaceably and harmoniously together. Most nations are now in the border zone between government by the soldier-master and government by the lawgiver — the legislator. In advanced countries the soldier has already become the servant of the civil government; and we even now catch a glimpse upon the horizon of the dawning day of the engineer, when government will be largely the organization of production and distribution. So much waste, so much incompetence, so much unsatisfied need for physical things, still survive in the modern world that the oncoming of engineer government is being hastened. To work and to produce spell the salvation of modern society; but work and production must be for the benefit of all who labor, without distinction of class or race. This is the first command of our social decalogue. For our civilization will surely break down if men multiply faster than they can produce the material things necessary to maintain a steadily ascending curve of physical well-being.

One of the greatest drags on the progress of civilization is that the lower classes and the inferior races multiply faster than their superiors. The future of civilization will not be assured, therefore, until certain standards of culture and moral control have become the common property of all. And as long as our civilization is more or less a national affair little hope exists of a radical betterment in these conditions; for we shall have the same division between inferior prolific and the superior sterile nations that we have between

social classes. As long as this condition continues, invasions and conquests will continue, each leaving in its train mediævalism and barbarism. The world will never be safe for civilization until civilization is universal and vividly conscious of the brotherhood of all mankind.

What has all this to do, you will ask, with the problems of Latin America? Well, Latin America is a task, a task for the world to solve, and to solve in the light of the truths I have just announced.

THE PRIMITIVE ARYAN AT HOME¹

BY KARL GUSTAV VON PLATEN

KAFIRISTAN, a wild and unexplored territory in the northeastern part of Afghanistan, is a country of vague bounds and limits, inhabited by several tribes differing in language and customs and having no bond of union among themselves, unless it be that until thirty years ago they were bitter enemies of Mohammedanism. Their Government, so far as they have one, is democratic, and they are divided on a basis of their national costumes into two broad groups—which we might call the Black Blankets and the White Blankets. So far as I know, the only European who ever penetrated the country before I did was the Englishman Robertson, who spent a short period in the lower valleys during the nineties, visiting two of the tribes.

Kafiristan means 'Land of the Unbeliever,' and is derived from the Arab

word 'Kafir,' or heathen, which is applied also to a familiar tribe in Africa. During the last thirty years, however, its inhabitants have been officially converted to Islam, although the new faith has by no means supplanted their original primitive Aryan beliefs.

I completed arrangements for my expedition at Jalalabad, where I was the guest of a German engineer. In contrast with the stony desert that covers most of Afghanistan, this place is a sort of garden city, embowered in orchards and possessing a magnificent park, containing flower beds and fountains, around the winter palace of the Emir, and several other palace-grounds filled with date palms and mulberry, orange, lemon, and pomegranate trees. I shall never forget the wonderful Oriental silhouette that the sky-line of the city, with its motionless palm-fronds etched against the dying colors of the evening sky, presented as we

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returned from our late-afternoon swimming excursions to the Kabul River, while on either side of our swampy path, where the purple-red blossoms of calla lilies dotted the dark-green scum; a hoarse chorus of croaking frogs chanted a recessionary.

On the morning of June 25 we set forth for Kashasis Khan, where our pack horses and attendants were to rendezvous. About noon we reached this old caravansary, which lies in bandit country and is fortified like a mediæval castle, with a heavy wall and moat and tall watchtowers. Inside the enclosure were two large courtyards, separated by a walled passage, one of which contained accommodations for animals and the other separate apartments for men and women and a tiny mosque. A short distance from this larger structure stood the village itself, consisting of gray mud huts built like swallows' nests. On either side of the village were two mediæval-looking castles with windowless, loopholed walls and lofty watchtowers. These were the residences of the wealthy khans who owned most of the neighboring land. The two castles and the caravansary were so situated that they could protect the village by a flanking fire. Attacks by bands of mountain raiders occur every season. In fact, there had been several within a year.

This is the borderland between the territory of the Parsiwans or *Tadschiken*, who are the lowlanders of Afghanistan, live in the fruitful valleys, and devote themselves to trading and agriculture, and the Pathan mountaineers, who are the country's highlanders and whose wealth consists mainly of their flocks. Parsiwans means 'Persian-speaking.' Afghanistan presents many interesting linguistic problems, and some of its numerous dialects are extremely archaic forms of the old Aryan tongue. The Pathan mountaineers, or

Afghans proper, are comparative newcomers who did not attain political ascendancy until the middle of the eighteenth century. Their language, Pashto, unquestionably of Aryan origin, is not closely related to the Persian.

I spent the twenty-second of June negotiating for horses with a *karakash*, which is the Afghan equivalent for a liveryman, and selecting my little staff of five native attendants. We spent the heat of the day in the garden of one of the local landlords, Mehmed Omar Khan, under the grateful shade of a magnificent old plane tree. Afghan beds, consisting of rope-hammocks swung between wooden posts, with red-satin mattresses upon them, were provided for the party. A brook of crystal-clear water rippled at our feet, and a flooded bright-green rice-field lay in front of us. Through the dreamy mid-day sun we watched an old man guide his primitive wooden plough back and forth across a neighboring field. About noon the usual pilau of rice and mutton was served, and we all took the invariable siesta.

To be sure, I tried to improve the occasion to pick up information about the country; but I soon discovered that this unconventional demand upon his faculties was too much for my host, who answered my questions more and more drowsily, and at length sank into peaceful slumber while I talked. I noticed on many other occasions that even the mildest mental exertion fatigued these primitive people. Scientific inquiries of any kind, like the meanings and relations of words in their simple vocabulary, or the names of plants and animals, soon tired them so that they fell asleep.

Most of the lowland country here was covered with rice-fields, for rice is the principal food of the people and only a small fraction of Afghanistan is

suitable for its cultivation. Farmers plant two crops a year. The usual rotation is wheat and rice the first year, wheat and corn the second year, and wheat or barley and rice the third year, after which the cycle is repeated. A good deal of sugar cane is also raised, and brings a high price. The common forage-crops are red clover and alfalfa.

Toward evening we left the hospitable home of Mehmed Omar Khan, who accompanied us to the residence of a neighboring khan, where we were again received under a broad plane tree and served refreshments. Our new host belonged to a very influential family. We were greeted here by quite a circle of local residents — some sixty in all, including three mullahs, or Mohammedan clerics. Every little settlement and hamlet wishes to have at least one of these holy men; and I was told that mountain tribes raid the valley villages and kidnap them — not to keep, but to kill, in order to have a saint's tomb in their territory. Just at sunset a brother of our host appeared. He was the wealthiest and most powerful khan in the neighborhood, and owned a large and very prolific date-grove on the Kabul River. He was evidently a gentleman and a man of character, and had played a prominent part in national affairs under the old régime; but he had fallen into disfavor with the present ruler.

For supper we had pilau again, besides several other courses and green tea. The Pathans took advantage of the fact that so many of them were gathered together to do a little trading, and among other things concluded a bargain for a bride at the relatively high price of one thousand rupees. A woman of the lower class usually commands only three or four hundred rupees, and even this sum is payable in installments. The groom, however, provides the trousseau. In higher social

circles the purchase of the bride has become a mere formality and ordinarily no money passes in the transaction.

We spent the night in the open air under the broad plane trees of our Afghan host. Our visitors gradually dispersed and the fire burned low. Breakfast next morning consisted of a spicy pale-pink milk drink, green tea, and pastry. We then returned to the caravansary, where we found everything ready for our departure. Three hunting dogs were added to our party at the last moment. Leaving early in the afternoon, we crossed the Kabul River at a sandy, pebbly ford where the water was nearly four hundred yards across. Palm groves and green meadows occupied either bank. We were ferried across on a raft of inflated cowskins — six of them — held together by poles and ropes. The motor of this odd craft was a man who lay on the aft end and propelled us across by moving his legs like a frog.

Once safely over with our animals, we proceeded to Saraibagh, a town of about a thousand mud houses, where we were pleasantly greeted and camped in the village square under a beautiful cluster of ancient plane trees. Our host at this point was a very wealthy khan whose castlelike residence, with its tall watchtower, stood on a height overlooking the village. The fact that we were not received at his house betokened no lack of hospitality, for during the hot season everybody by preference sleeps out of doors. We dined after the fashion of the country and rested famously, this time in hammocks with lilac mattresses, lulled into unconsciousness by the murmur of two brooks, which flowed around our camping-place, and by the shrill chirping of crickets.

I was awakened at dawn by the tinkle of the copper bell of our leading pack horse as it was led down to water.

This day's stage of our journey was through fertile, irrigated valley-lands, whose brilliant vegetation contrasted vividly with the monotonous bare gray-brown cliffs on either side. The corn was in the tassel, the stubble of the recently harvested grainfields was golden, the paddy patches were emerald green. Rows of bushes marked the courses of countless brooks and ditches; herds of cattle and flocks of sheep dotted the pastures, and the dark-red blossoms of the oleander trees added a touch of brilliant color to the landscape.

Toward noon, when the heat of the sun began to be uncomfortable, we halted to rest in a shady mulberry grove, ate a luncheon of watermelons, and then crossed a bridge over the Alishang River, which at this point was a swift stream of ice-cold mountain water more than three hundred yards wide. We had now reached the southern frontier of Kafiristan, but were in the territory of the Laghmans, an invading Afghan race which has driven the natives back into the remoter valleys.

The Laghmans are a swarthy, black-haired people, who wear turbans of many colors and black smocks and trousers embroidered with beautiful flower-patterns, and oftentimes an overvest, likewise richly embroidered with flowers and vines. In cold weather they add to this outfit a colored wrap or a sheepskin jacket. Women's costumes resemble those of the men, but are more elaborately embroidered, and include a long black, violet, or blue veil of silk or cotton, with two narrow eye-holes.

In order to escape the oppressive heat we left the main-traveled highway and followed irrigation embankments and narrow crossroads through the fields till we came again to the banks of the Alishang River, whose cold

glacier waters brought with them a refreshing breeze. These bottom-lands, which are overflowed every spring, were exceedingly fertile. We skirted rice-fields and cornfields interspersed with occasional patches of cotton. Close to the river, groves of mulberry, fig, and plane trees produced a parklike effect. Every few hundred paces we came to a small stream, usually connected by irrigation ditches with its neighbors. At places we had to push our way through dense thickets of oleanders, willows, and other shrubbery where the tangled creepers and white convolvuluses made the way almost impassable. The air was filled with the twittering of reed thrushes and the cooing of turtledoves.

In this manner we followed the banks of the Alishang for about four hours, scarcely aware of the passing of the time, and came in sight of Tirgashi, the capital of the Laghman district, sooner than we expected. This is the farthest point reached by Europeans — for instance by the American engineer Heldey in 1913; beyond lies unexplored country never yet trodden by the white man. Tirgashi itself appears to me to be wrongly located on our existing maps; it actually lies five or six miles south of the point they show. The Alishang throws off a side channel just below the town, which we waded, the water coming up to the saddle-girths of our horses. A little northeast of the city the river receives its principal tributary, the Alingar, to whose snow-fed waters from the Kafiri ranges it owes its constant volume during the summer months. On the left bank of the stream an old robber's castle lies ensconced among blooming oleander thickets and clumps of palms. Its massive, quadrilateral wall and lofty watchtowers were still intact, and red calla lilies shone like blood-spots in the slime of its moat. This

seems to be the northern limit, however, of both lilies and palms, for I saw none above Tirgashi.

About 2 P.M. we rode down the walled town's narrow streets, bordered with gray, windowless houses, through a clean little bazaar, which was simply a business street roofed over, with open booths on either side, to the principal square. Here we tethered our horses and camped down beneath the inevitable giant plane trees, on a flat artificial terrace with a low retaining wall. The townspeople soon gathered in a circle around us to stare for the first time in their lives at a European. Soon the town elders appeared and, after reading our credentials from our last host, welcomed us cordially.

At Tirgashi we bought our last supplies of rice, sugar, tea, and candles, and of barley for the horses. As soon as we had dined — on the inevitable pilau — we began to doctor the sick people who came to us for treatment. The night was spent, with a few of the local notables for company, on a little artificial plateau overlooking the town, which normally served as watchtower and outlook against bandit raids.

One little incident here amused me greatly. I had just drunk a glass of water, and, as one of the local chiefs also wished to drink, I handed the glass to his servant to be filled again. The latter, who had just finished spreading out camel-dung to dry for fuel, was apparently too good a Moslem to relish the idea of his master's drinking out of the glass a dog of a Christian had just used. So, without washing his hands, he energetically polished off the glass with his dung-daubed fingers before refilling it. I noticed everywhere in Afghanistan that servants never touched the remnants of food left by their European masters or used the spoons or cups they had used.

As the sun sank behind the western mountains our Mohammedan hosts and our servants turned their faces toward Mekka, prostrated themselves, and, touching the ground repeatedly with their foreheads, recited their evening prayer. Meanwhile we gazed at a sunset such as one sees only in the limpid air of this Iranian landscape. Every tint, from deep red to dark blue and all the shades of violet, streamed in rapid succession across the evening sky and tinged the higher peaks with a luminous afterglow. The last pink fragments of cirrus clouds turned pale and imperceptibly vanished in the darkening sky; and the mountain-slopes were bathed in a deep violet, through which every line and contour stood out in clear-cut relief. At such moments the charm of this arid, barren, but stern and heroic landscape irresistibly seizes the imagination. Immediately ahead of us the low evening mists gathered over the broad Alingar valley through which we were to proceed to-morrow to our unknown destination. One solitary star shone in the firmament.

Next morning the flutelike note of mina birds calling in a blooming pomegranate tree summoned me back to consciousness. The sun rose abruptly above the eastern heights, tinging the summits of the western mountains with gold while the lower valleys and canyons still lay in the shadow of the night. We quickly made ready for departure, and soon the melodious but melancholy sound of the leading pack horse's bell told us that the caravan was under way.

We followed the valley of the Alingar River, at first through country much like that which we had seen the previous day. At places the ground was marshy. Meadows bordered the stream, where sheep and cattle grazed. We kept close to the bank, crossing innumerable brooks, and camped soon after midday in a little grove of walnut, mul-

berry, and plane trees, close by the waterside.

About a third of a mile away another typical old robber stronghold with four tall watchtowers was visible above a girdle of blooming oleanders. Its occupant, the most influential khan of the district, was our host, to whom we carried letters of introduction. As soon as our approach was reported from his outlook he hastened down to meet us, accompanied by his sons and servants. Hammocks and mattresses were speedily slung for us, as they had been at all the other points where we had stopped. In this instance, however, the mattresses were covered with dark-blue satin. A meal was served, and we spent the afternoon in the shady grove listening to the murmur of the river and enjoying the cool breeze that blew over the valley. As I lay in my hammock and gazed at the old robbers' stronghold in the midst of its flowery girdle, I pondered that I was looking out upon a true scene from the Middle Ages. We were traveling in the fourteenth century of the Mohammedan era, which in this country corresponds closely with the fourteenth century of the Christian era in Western lands. I was actually living in an age that sank below the horizon of the nations of Europe more than a score of generations ago. What a wonderful globe this is, I reflected, where epochs many centuries apart, as measured by social progress, thus co-exist within a few weeks' journey from each other!

Toward evening we took a refreshing swim and proceeded to the castle, for this district is too unsafe for camping out. In the centre of the great square enclosure stood a smaller structure of the same general form, which was the private residence of the khan, and contained his harem. Naturally this was forbidden to the stranger. In the outer yard were stables, servants' quarters,

and the apartments where male guests of the master were received. The latter were very simply furnished according to European standards. Rugs covered the clay floors; several long cushions used as arm-supports lay against the walls, and above them hung various weapons such as swords and rifles, and in one room a graceful lyre inlaid with mother-of-pearl. The windows opened on the inner courtyard and were unglazed, for glass is unknown this far in the interior. Around the inside of the outer wall ran an elevated platform, and at the height of the shoulder above it was a line of portholes. The ascents to the watchtowers were in a dilapidated condition, and only one of them still served as an outlook. I was told that the others had been used by the father and grandfather of the present khan as prisons for wives who developed 'incompatibility of temperament,' and that several of these unhappy ladies had been shut up in them for years.

We climbed up to the platform on a somewhat primitive ladder, where we dined in company with the khan. It was a unique occasion, for we were served chicken instead of mutton. As a rule the Afghanistan menu is deadly monotonous — rice and mutton, rice and mutton, rice and mutton, every day. I recalled with longing the good meals I used to have when living with the Persian nomads, who prepare a great variety of the most delightful dishes with almost the same ingredients — mutton, rice, chicken, milk, and eggs. Their higher culinary art, as compared with that of the primitive Afghans, still bears witness to Persia's ancient culture.

We slept on the platform and left early the next morning, accompanied by some of the khan's men, who were to guide us to the Kafir villages in a neighboring valley, at the farthest limits of the country inhabited by the Afghans.

We should have liked to have the khan's personal company, and he wanted to go with us, but he was under the ban of a neighboring tribe and of the Government on account of a murder, and did not dare to venture so far away from home. Probably it was lucky for us that he remained behind, for otherwise we might have become innocently involved in a blood feud.

We crossed the Alishang a short distance up the river on a raft of inflated skins, in order to reach the side where the Kafirs dwelt, and then proceeded directly up the stream. We are apt to assume that a white spot on the map indicating unexplored country also represents a wilderness. That certainly did not apply here, for I have seldom seen more fertile country. Rice, corn, cotton, and sugar cane grew everywhere. Villages were so close together as to be practically continuous. Sparkling springs, crystal-clear brooks, and groves of horse chestnuts, walnuts, plane trees, fig trees, and mulberry trees were on all sides of us. The mulberries were the white variety, and were raised for feeding silkworms. We rode through regular avenues of them, and also of fruit trees, from one village to another. The people seemed friendly and kindly wherever we appeared.

But it would be a great mistake to imagine that the dwellers in this earthly paradise are blessed. The barren mountains on either hand harbor hordes of robbers, and he who at night does not seek protection for himself and his property in a fortified village is lost. We were constantly hearing of recent night attacks even on some of the largest places we passed. Nor should we think of these Afghan peasants as innocent and inoffensive victims of the savage mountaineers. They take their guns with them to their fields, primarily for self-defense

to be sure, but they are not averse to adding a little spice to life by a foray of their own. My own men were constantly on their guard against their fellow lowlanders, and I sometimes overheard them grumbling to themselves because they had imprudently enlisted for my expedition.

We remained that night with a local khan, and followed the river next morning for about two hours; after which we detoured toward the east to a Kafir village. Immediately after leaving the river the landscape changed, and we were in the midst of the arid, gray, gravelly and boulder-strewn desert that covers most of Afghanistan. The sun burned unbearably, and the stream beds, which carry water for a short time in the spring when the snow is melting in the neighboring mountains, were as dry as the plain itself. Except for one jackal, which slunk quickly out of sight, not a living thing was visible. No insects hummed, no birds chirped.

We traveled through this desert for several hours, eventually reaching more broken country with precipitous bare cliffs. Here we were able to water our horses at a muddy pool in a deep depression in an otherwise dry river-bottom. More hours passed, and evening was already approaching before we came to a slight widening of a canyon we had been following, and sparse vegetation indicated water in the vicinity. Soon afterward we sighted the miserable huts of a little village lying in a bend ahead, and as gray as the cliffs behind them.

As the khan's men were acquainted here, we were assured a friendly reception. The village elders, among whom was a dignified, silver-haired old man, greeted us and conducted us to the village square, where we were invited to seat ourselves. We had an excellent opportunity to make ethno-

logical studies, since practically every resident of the village gathered around us. Even the women came, which would never have occurred in an Afghan community. They were unveiled, but kept timidly in the background. Their features were harsh and ill-favored, and showed the evidences of the heavy labor they were forced to perform from childhood. None of them could by any stretch of courtesy be described as beautiful. The men were mostly large, well-built fellows, but not at all like the blonde-haired, blue-eyed primitive Aryans that some accounts led us to expect. Most of them were as swarthy, black-haired, and dark-eyed as their Afghan neighbors, and showed evidence of a large admixture of Indian or aboriginal blood. Nevertheless, several had lighter hair and eyes, and one or two might be classed as blondes. I was particularly struck by a man about forty years old with red hair and beard and bright blue eyes. If I had met him in a European crowd I should have taken him offhand for a Mecklenburg or Pomeranian fisherman; in fact, he would have passed for a perfect example of the German coastal type. But he was an exception. The women, so far as I could observe, seemed darker than the men. Since this village had been in close contact with the Afghans for thirty years and had gone over to Islam, most of the men wore turbans and Afghan clothing. Nevertheless, a few had on the long white-felt mantles and felt caps of the true Kafirs, so that they looked like Germans clad in toques and sweaters for winter sports.

One of the most obvious differences between the Kafirs and the Afghans was in the construction of their houses. Those in this village were built of stone instead of mud, though clay was used as a mortar and to cover the timbers of the flat roofs; but farther in the moun-

tains, where the people have less contact with the Afghans and where there is abundant timber, the Kafirs live in log cabins, often two stories high, with a sort of Swiss gallery around the upper story. The houses in the villages we visited were separated by a clay partition into two rooms, one for the cattle, the other for the family. Loopholes served as windows, and there was no chimney, the smoke escaping through a hole in the roof. The household utensils consisted of a few mats and woven carpets, clay cooking-utensils and dishes, and little folding camp-stools with seats woven from hempen rope. It interested me to discover that these people sit on stools, while the Afghans, like all Mohammedans, squat on the ground.

Most of the villagers were armed with guns, mostly of ancient make with tremendously long barrels and huge locks. I was told, however, that farther in the interior, and in fact in the very next village, which was still 'heathen,' the people had only bows and arrows. In fact, firearms had been introduced into this village within the past twenty years. I procured a few specimens of the bows, which were made of mulberry wood wound with rawhide. The arrows were not feathered, but had three-cornered barbed-iron points.

We spent a day in this village, as I wished to observe the people more closely and to learn what I could of their language and their old beliefs. It was very difficult to get them to talk about their former religion, because, like all new converts, they were ashamed of it. The younger people professed to know nothing of the 'superstitions' of their ancestors. Finally I discovered a very old man, whom I imagined was formerly a pagan priest, — although he would not admit it, — who told me something of the ancient beliefs as they were preserved here

until thirty years ago, and as they still survive back in the mountains. I was surprised to discover how closely they resembled all primitive Aryan religions, and particularly the old Iranian fire cult and Zoroastrianism. Their basis was a polytheism with a marked dualist character. The old man named several deities, the most important of whom was Imra, the father of the gods, evidently the same as Indra, to whom a great fire was kindled once a week around which sacred dances were held. Most of the legends about Imra related by the old man described how he got the better of the Devil. The god of war was also worshiped everywhere and innumerable altars were erected in his honor. There were other gods and goddesses whose special provinces were the water, the earth, and the harvest, many of whom might easily be identified with deities of the early Germans.

The village constitution of Kafirs is like that of the Afghans. It is democratic and in the hands of a council of elders to which only members of the more aristocratic families are eligible. I could see that these local aristocrats were all people of a more marked Aryan type. The rest of the population consisted of poor freemen, who were mostly shepherds, and of slaves.

Comparatively little land was cultivated around this particular village, grazing being the principal industry. Naturally there was no rice, for want of water. I saw no Indian corn. There were some fields of wheat, barley, and millet; and millet is said to be the principal grain raised in free Kafiristan. In that part of the country the grape is also cultivated and wine is made. Naturally this is not permitted where the Mohammedans control the country. Cattle are used for ploughing and no horses are known in the higher parts of the mountains. Sheep are raised for wool and goats for flesh.

We spent most of the daytime in the village square, but for the sake of safety slept at night in the house of one of the elders. On the morning of the third day we retraced our path to the Alingar valley, as there was no way of penetrating farther into the mountains at this point, and reached the river late in the afternoon, spending the night in an Afghan village. The next morning we left early and proceeded up the valley, which continued to be as attractive and fertile as it had been farther down the stream. About mid-day we stopped at a village to get recommendations to points farther on; for our letters of introduction extended only to this place. The khan, who was a middle-aged man with a blonde moustache and almost European features, received us in the village square, surrounded by his followers, including a high ecclesiastic holding a rank comparable with that of a Christian bishop.

Our welcome was as formal and courteous as usual, but from the first I noticed an atmosphere of reserve. Food was provided for us, hammocks were slung, and then our conversation began. Our hosts asked me if I were an Englishman. When I said that I was a German, I noticed a look of bewilderment on their faces. They had never heard of such a nation. Both the khan and the 'bishop' evidently doubted if it actually existed. They had heard vaguely of *Firangistan*, — Europe, — but supposed it consisted of only England and Russia. When I tried to describe Germany to them, and told them that there were also several other countries in Europe, they stared at me about as intelligently as an honest German peasant would if you were to try to enlighten him about the ethnology of Afghanistan. I do not think they believed that there was such a country as Germany. They had

never heard of the World War, except a vague rumor that their Mohammedan brothers, the Turks, had been engaged in heavy fighting with the English.

Finally our conversation got around to the object of my visit. I wanted guides and recommendations to the next heathen Kafir village. Instantly everybody tried to dissuade me from my plan. Never having seen a European before, and having no conception whatever of scientific interest or scientific research, they simply could not conceive why I should want to go into such a dangerous and benighted country. They recited horrible stories about the atrocities perpetrated by the heathens upon their own people, which they assured me would be repeated with generous additions in my own case, adding that the moment we approached the next village we should be greeted with bows and arrows. They themselves did not know the language of the people living there, and were at constant war with them. We told them that we intended to go forward regardless of consequences, but, thinking it would be better to give our hosts time to think the matter over, decided to postpone our departure for a day. I also designed giving the khan and his friends rather more liberal gifts than usual, — a field glass or something like that, — for it was essential that we have good recommendations when crossing the boundary between Mohammedan and heathen territory. We should have to send an emissary ahead to announce our coming and to deliver a letter of recommendation in our behalf.

In Afghanistan class distinctions are not observed as sharply as they are in Europe, and it is the universal custom for masters and servants to sit around the same fire and eat out of the same dish. So it happened to

our misfortune that my conversation with the headmen of the village was overheard not only by the whole local population but also by my own servants and attendants. The latter were already tired of our trip, and when they heard the stories of the dreadful things that awaited us a few miles beyond they fell into a panic.

The first man to protest against proceeding further was the *karakash*, or horse-hirer, who notified me that he intended to take his horses and go back home the next day. I told him that he personally could go any time he wished, but that his horses had been hired for the whole trip and I intended to keep them, if necessary by force. Thereupon my attendants and guards appeared in a body and announced that they refused to go farther, frankly admitting that they were afraid to do so. No man in this country piques himself upon his personal courage or word of honor. Such ideas are utterly foreign to him. So I decided to let our men go home, but to keep our pack animals and get men from the village to conduct us farther. But the khan, without refusing outright, evaded a definite promise of his assistance.

Finally the 'bishop' took me to one side and told me frankly what the situation was. The authorities at Jalalabad had been suspicious from the outset of the object of our expedition. Instead of telling me this frankly at the time and forbidding our entering Kafiristan, they had let me go but had sent men with me to report what I did. These men had enlisted in my party with orders to take me only to such and such a point up the valley and to halt me there. Lest I refuse to stop, a detachment of men had been sent in advance to a narrow pass a short distance ahead of this village, with orders to detain me there by force if necessary.

Faced by this situation, I found my-

self compelled, to my bitter disappointment, to submit to circumstances. Yonder, just beyond the dark gray mountains ahead of us, holy fires were still burning on the altars of ancient Aryan gods, young men were still dancing the war dances of our primitive forefathers in honor of Imra and Givish, their Jove and Mars, their Woden and Thor. In yonder blue-forested heights wooden ancestral images were still set up over the graves of their fathers, according to ancient ritual. In these fastnesses an unchanging remnant of the old Aryan race from which all Indo-European nations are descended still survived practically as it was three thousand years ago. And I had to halt on the threshold of this ethnological and anthropological paradise!

We camped in the open square in front of the khan's castle. Sleep was out of the question. The village idiot pottered about all night long, now and then bringing down his heavy staff in dangerous proximity to my pillow. Hundreds of owls and bats circled incessantly around the ancient castle walls. Leaving betimes the next morning, and accompanied only by my single German companion, I rode directly back down the valley, covering fully fifty miles that day, to Kashasis Khan.

I spent only a day at this point, and, arranging to have our luggage sent back over the mountain pass to Jalalabad, started down the river to that city on a raft of inflated cowhides. Out in the river my companion and I overtook an old man with a white curly beard, who looked like Father Neptune, swimming along on a single inflated hide. He asked us to attach this to our raft, so that we might travel together. In order to do so, and also to buy a few water-melons, we decided to stop at a little village on the bank of the stream just at the point where the latter enters the canyon. The villagers hurried up and

begged us to go no farther. They said that three bands of robbers, learning of our intended trip, had posted themselves on either side of the canyon to kill or capture us. Further inquiry revealed the fact that we had to deal with some three hundred men, all of them from the notorious Ut Chel tribe. Two parties were on the south bank and one on the north. So if we had not stopped for the melons, but instead had drifted down into the canyon where the river is exceedingly narrow and swift, we should in all probability have been shot before we could think of resistance. In any case, one or two bullets through our inflated cowhide rafts would have brought us to a sudden halt, and we should have fallen into the hands of the raiders.

After briefly considering the situation, we decided that the robbers must be cleared out. Fortunately the village where we stopped belonged to the great khan whose acquaintance we had made when we were in Kashasis before, so we applied to him for help. The khan was sleeping in his hammock close by the murmuring river in his magnificent date-grove. At first his servants did not venture to awaken him over a trifle like a robber foray, but we insisted. He greeted us with dignity and composure, and gave his orders in a casual way that showed plainer than words what an everyday matter such incidents were. We rested less than an hour under the shadowy date-palms while a party of more than a hundred men, led by a mullah, assembled, and then set forth in the burning midday sun to attack the bandits.

The latter outnumbered our men three to one, but our leader evidently counted upon the effect of surprise, and planned to deal with each of the three bands separately before the others could come to its assistance. Hastening through the rocky country,

we soon discovered the first group of the enemy. They were watching the river intently, probably wondering why their intended victims were so long delayed. Finding themselves unexpectedly attacked from the rear, they took to their heels at our first volley. I caught momentary glimpses of wild, desperate-looking fellows in flowing beards and ragged mantles, carrying incredibly long muskets, springing like goats from boulder to boulder and disappearing behind them. It was all over in a second. Our mullah then advanced waving a white cloth as a sign that he wanted to parley. A mullah promptly presented himself from the other side, for apparently these robber bands carry a chaplain with them, and approximately this conversation was shouted from one cliff-pinnacle to another:—

‘What are you doing here?’

‘We’re going to catch and kill those accursed Christian dogs.’

‘They are the guests of my lord and master, and have done you no harm. The Khan orders you to get out of this.’

‘You too are followers of the Prophet. You should help us instead of those dogs of Christians. They must at least give us their money.’

‘We shan’t discuss that subject. If you don’t get out at once my lord the Khan will take it as a personal affront. You know what will happen then.’

The robber chaplain withdrew and conferred with his fellow tribesmen. They did not dare to incur the enmity of the powerful khan, and a minute later we saw them slinking quietly out of the canyon. This deprived the second band, which was much smaller,

of its flank support. A volley was exchanged, and I heard a few bullets buzz through the air. But these fellows had not counted on a fight, and promptly raised the white flag and scampered off to their mountain fastnesses. The third band, which had watched the whole thing from the other side of the river, likewise thought prudence the better part of valor, and we saw its members also slink over the top of the opposite cliff and vanish.

We went back and paid our thanks to the khan, and taking our raft started down the canyon. The khan posted guards on the left bank to ensure our safety, while one of his men followed us down by a footpath with a written order to any bandit he might encounter, threatening him with being ‘shot out of a cannon’ if he molested us. This is dire punishment indeed, for a man blown off a cannon’s mouth, according to the Islamic superstition, is too badly mangled ever to enter Paradise.

None the less, we kept a sharp eye on both sides of the river, lest some lurking foeman might still linger there. It was not until we were a considerable distance downstream, where clay banks, evidently once the home of cave-dwellers, had succeeded the rocky cliffs of the canyon proper, that we saw three heavily armed fellows running toward us as if to find a good place from which to fire. But when they saw that we were on our guard, ready to reply, they gave up the idea and vanished in one of the old caves. Half an hour later we were at Jalalabad. It is characteristic of Afghanistan, however, that we should have such an adventure almost at the gate of one of its principal cities.

WHY GERMANY IS NATIONALIST. II¹

BY COLONEL LEBAUD, RETIRED

I HAVE hesitated a long time to relate the part that I took in the Separatist movement, for the facts are not very edifying; but I have at length resolved to do so simply to put the historical truth on record. During the summer of 1923 several Separatist demonstrations were organized in different cities in the occupied territory. The railways, which were under joint French and Belgian control, supplied free special trains for those who wished to attend them. Some of these meetings, particularly the one at Düsseldorf, terminated tragically.

One day I learned through the newspapers, precisely as did the rest of the public, that a Separatist republic had been proclaimed at Aachen and that the movement was spreading like wildfire from town to town. We heard of 'Separatist troops' seizing public buildings, raising their green, white, and red banner over them, and installing new officials. For about a month the agitation continued with varying fortunes. Then one heard less and less about it, until it was apparently forgotten.

The Palatinate really had no Separatist Party whatsoever. It may have mustered a few hundred members at Kaiserslautern, many of whom by no means belonged to the cream of the population. Its president was a barber—an honest fellow who would talk about France with tears in his eyes, but who had no social standing or

strength of character. Some said that the peasants were not averse to seceding from Bavaria and the Reich. The working classes, who were suffering from unemployment and inflation and were indignant at some of the measures taken by the Cuno Cabinet during the passive-resistance campaign, might have looked upon a well-managed Separatist movement without special hostility. But the middle and upper classes to a man were against it. Since the peasants and the workingmen, who were good sheeplike people filled with timid and respectful reverence for their officials and social superiors, were political ciphers, the movement had no substantial support.

During the latter half of October rumors were in the air that a Rhenish Republic was to be proclaimed in the Palatinate. A messenger from Headquarters notified me that the proclamation would be made at Kaiserslautern, and ordered me to preserve 'benevolent neutrality.' But my other orders indicated that 'benevolent' was not to be taken seriously. For instance, at the first sign of trouble I was to assume command of the municipal police, and I was to post infantry guards at the entrance of the public buildings as soon as the Separatists had seized them, in order to keep the Nationalists from recapturing them. I was also informed by the delegate of the Interallied High Commission at Kaiserslautern, with whom I was in constant communication, that the movement was strongly endorsed in

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France. Although skeptical as to its success, I naturally did my best to further it in the interest of my country.

Unfortunately the plan was clearly doomed to failure from the start. I soon learned that about four hundred young students, bank employees, and clerks in town had formed a defense battalion to oppose a Separatist attack with arms. They posted their guards nightly at different points connected by telephone and organized a system of sentinels and patrols. In order to prevent bloodshed, I had to stop these preparations for resistance. A snappy little night surprise by our gendarmes enabled us to capture forty of these young men, with arms, at one of their rallying-points. The next day I arrested the chief of the Nationalist Party at Kaiserslautern, a banker named E—. We thus threw the plans of the Nationalists into complete confusion. All these men were imprisoned under the charge of forming a secret military society and illegally carrying arms. Thus we accomplished our first object — of clearing the way for the Separatists.

On November 4 I was officially notified that the 'Republic' would be set up the next day. The following night was an epic occasion for the local Separatists. Shaking with fear, they wanted to postpone their action to some future date; but their ambitious leader, Dr. Dorten, and the naïve credulity of our French officers, drove them on.

I was very curious to see these Separatist troops, of whom I had heard so much and who were expected at Eselsfurst, three kilometres from the city, by a special train. So at five o'clock I left my office and called on Monsieur G—, the chief delegate of the Interallied High Commission at Speyer, who had come down as a

special representative of our general at Metz. He was to be my technical adviser during the operation. I discovered at once that his principal mission was to see to it that I supported the movement energetically. I had already decided that it was my duty to do so, so we had no difficulty on that point. About six o'clock the alarm bells rung by the Nationalists, who were on the alert, informed us that zero hour had struck.

I shall not try to relate all that happened that day. No great harm was done, because I intervened promptly. The principal public buildings were attacked and seized; some shots were fired on both sides, happily without any loss of life; and the mayor, accompanied by a delegation of the municipal officers, filed a protest. M. Heintz, a former officer of the German cavalry who was leading the Separatist troops and was later assassinated, called to ask for rations for his men — a request with which Monsieur G— ordered me to comply. The little barber I mentioned was appointed Mayor, and the new Separatist Government issued a proclamation. The local police were arrested by the Separatists, but were at once set at liberty by my orders.

As soon as I was able to leave my headquarters I made a tour of the town. I wanted to see what the situation was. All the shops were closed and the streets were practically empty. A few curious spectators stood watching the public buildings the Separatists had seized. The green, white, and red banner had been raised over them and detachments of French troops were protecting the occupants. Here and there I saw little groups of Separatists from outside the town — young fellows in civilian garb, armed with old rifles of different models and wearing the colors of their Party tied around their

sleeves — patrolling the streets in small parties, either on foot or in auto-trucks. Altogether the day passed without serious incident. The population was amused and sarcastic rather than hostile.

But the situation soon grew worse. The next morning a large battalion of Separatists, recruited from the dubious elements of the industrial districts, reached Kaiserslautern. They were said to be mostly unemployed laborers from Gelsenkirchen in the Ruhr. Immediately after their arrival disorders began. I soon discovered that they were requisitioning goods by force from the shops without giving receipts. Reports of scandalous scenes began to pour into Headquarters. A gun-shop was pillaged. I was flooded with protests from indignant merchants and forced to lay down the law to the Separatist authorities. But these gentlemen had completely lost their heads, and the population began to regard the movement with savage hostility. I could feel the tempest gathering.

On November 7 the disorders reached a climax. There was fighting in the streets, with considerable shooting and bloodshed. If I could have obeyed my instincts as a soldier I should have arrested offhand the disorderly scoundrels who had been imported by the Separatists. But my orders were 'benevolent neutrality,' so I had to keep my hands off. Meanwhile popular indignation was reaching the danger point.

When I insisted more energetically than ever that the Separatist authorities restore law and order, their leader simply said that he was working for France. After having been brought to the town at our expense, fed at our expense, and protected by our troops, the new arrivals demanded a thousand stands of arms which they discovered

that I had in an old barracks. I put a prompt quietus on this suggestion, considering that even benevolent neutrality hardly went that far — and I had reason to congratulate myself later for doing so.

Early on the morning of November 8 the situation suddenly improved. Most of the 'Separatist troops' had left the city during the night at the command of Herr Heintz, to operate elsewhere. It was high time, for my patience and that of the people was about exhausted. Only a few detachments of Separatists, consisting of recruits from the neighboring towns, remained at Kaiserslautern. Order was restored and the excitement calmed down. The new 'authorities' insisted that their coup had been a complete success. In reality it was an empty sham. The green, white, and red banner remained flying over four public buildings, but only because my troops protected them. The new 'authorities' had no authority whatsoever, and the old officials ran things just as they had before. All the city employees obeyed their former superiors. The new barber-mayor was unceremoniously ejected from the mayor's office, where the former mayor continued to perform his functions. Orders and regulations issued by the new Government were simply disregarded by the entire population. The Separatists organized a sort of shadow police force, — and with what men! — but the old police continued to keep law and order. Naturally, however, there was constant friction between the old, actually functioning Government and the new make-believe Government. This incoherent situation lasted some two months.

After leaving us early in November, the Separatist troops visited several other points in the Palatinate, where the scenes that had occurred in Kaiserslautern were repeated. Time, instead of working for the Separatists, worked

against them. Their officials were incompetent and in many cases dishonest. The scanty subsidies they received were not sufficient to pay their personal expenses. In order to increase their difficulties, the legitimate municipal authorities stopped paying the unemployment dole, turning that burden over to them; and since the idle workmen insisted upon receiving their allowances, the Separatists were driven to the most irregular devices to raise money. In some out-of-the-way places their appointees simply filled their own pockets and vanished. Everybody knew that England regarded the movement as a French scheme carried out against the will of the people, and this gave moral backing to the Nationalists. Soon the latter had perfected their organization until they were more powerful and efficient than ever.

Finally, after some negotiations between Paris and London, the British Consul at Munich, Lord Clives, was authorized to investigate the situation in the Palatinate, in order to find just what popular backing the agitation had. Nothing could have been more embarrassing for our authorities. When Lord Clives arrived at Kaiserslautern he was received like a national hero. The Germans turned out en masse to greet him. Factories gave their employees a holiday. The streets were packed from curb to curb with people whose sarcastic glances at us Frenchmen were intensely irritating but could not be resented. The Consul received the local representatives at the Town Hall, where the proceedings soon took the form of an invective against, and condemnation of, the French Occupation authorities. Our bitterest assailant was the parish priest of the principal Catholic Church in the city, who was so denunciatory that the Consul had to call him to order. He brought with him a man with a bandaged head, who he

asserted had been assaulted the evening before by one of our police-inspectors.

This visit was the beginning of the end. Shortly afterward we heard that Herr Heintz, who had become head of the Separatist Government in Speyer, had been assassinated by Nationalists from the other side of the Rhine. His farmhouse at Orbis had been burned a short time before. The Bishop of Speyer refused him a church burial. Immediately things began to happen in quick succession. The Nationalists were everywhere on the aggressive. On February 13 there was a new alarm. Young Nationalists began to pillage the shops of merchants suspected of being friendly to the Separatist movement, and recovered possession of the public buildings. There was shooting; one man was killed and several wounded. But happily we were able to restore order promptly.

The situation did not turn out as well in other places. A horrible tragedy occurred at Pirmasens. There the Nationalists burned the police office, where the Separatists had retreated and fortified themselves, and threw back into the flames any who tried to escape. Twenty of the Separatists were burned alive. One of our inspectors who returned from there reported horrible scenes. The newspapers exculpated the savages who committed these deeds by putting all the blame on us. Nationalist bands from across the river were alleged to be the actual perpetrators of these acts. Meanwhile our troops stood by and did not interfere.

One can easily conceive what a lustre such episodes as these cast upon the reputation of our country. After starting a Separatist movement against the wishes of the people, we had utterly mismanaged it and were obliged to give it up altogether at the insistence of

England. I hesitate to write it, but some well-meaning Germans who had become compromised in the Separatist movement even had the utmost difficulty in securing passports when they had to flee to France.

Now, who was responsible for advising our Government that the time was ripe for such an enterprise as this? Probably, as generally happens, certain high officials who believed whatever the little circle of flatterers around them said.

Why should we be surprised, then, because Germany is still Nationalist? Have n't we done about everything we could to throw her into the arms of Hindenburg? Up to 1914 her sentiment toward us was one of pity mingled with contempt. To-day that feeling has been converted into sullen hatred. . . . Whose fault is it? The individual Frenchman is naturally amiable and tractful. He is credited with a faculty for making himself liked by those with whom he associates. Our ancestors in the days of the great Revolution were wonderfully successful in winning the favor of the Rhenish people. Why have their descendants been so maladroit? Would n't it have been possible during these years since the Armistice to improve relations between the two countries instead of making them worse. I answer unequivocally, Yes.

We might have made the Rhineland a bond instead of a barrier between two nations. All that was necessary was for us to be perfectly natural toward our ex-enemies — just, generous, and yet energetic, efficient, and firm. We should have had a clearly thought-out Rhineland policy, a policy of winning the

affection and the respect of the residents of the occupied zone.

Who is to blame, then, for the blunders we have committed — blunders that unfortunately are irreparable to-day? Alas, as always happens, the responsibility is so divided that it is not possible to put it definitely on any individual. It was shared by our whole sacrosanct hierarchy, from the highest civil and military officials presiding at Koblenz and Mainz down to their most humble subordinates.

Our maladdress was aggravated by the fact that the occupied territory was regarded as a richly laden plum tree to be shaken for our benefit. Were not we in a conquered country? Did n't the Boche have to pay? So prodigality and waste ran riot. The number of soft jobs and fat pickings, especially during the inflation of the mark, seemed limitless. A post was found for any good fellow in France who needed a job. Every bureau chief and petty commandant, in order to increase his own importance, added to the number of employees in his service. And all this carried with it other new expenses — the requisition of buildings for offices and quarters, the construction of warehouses and supply bases. The Germans were ready to encourage us there, for they had no better way of employing their idle workers than in making permanent improvements that we could not carry off with us. So, at a time when we were borrowing fabulous sums, which remain a permanent charge upon our treasury, in order to restore our devastated regions, our Army of Occupation was devouring all the money that we could squeeze out of Germany.

GUESTS OF THE BUDDHA¹

TEMPLE LIFE IN THE WESTERN HILLS BEYOND PEKING

BY JULIET BREEDON

WE are guests of Buddha at his temple of the 'Great Awakening.' During the Middle Ages in Europe visitors were lodged at the monasteries, and the same custom persists to this day in China. It is a charming custom, and a great convenience in little towns and villages, where the native inns are unspeakable. Furthermore, when the season of great heat comes, it allows the foreign colony of Peking to enjoy cool and peaceful retreats in the gray-timbered sanctuaries that nestle on the slopes of the Western Hills not far from the capital. Many a diplomat accepts Buddha as his host in the summer months. Many a treaty has been informally discussed between Legation colleagues, many a romance between fair-haired 'heretics' budded, under the inscrutable eyes of a gilded image of Maitreya.

For ourselves, we rent the guest-rooms of the 'Great Awakening' much as one would rent a villa at Newport. The priest in charge, having accepted us on principle, prepares a lease written on a strip of tough white paper, three feet long by a few inches wide, and folded up like an accordion into a little book with blue cloth covers and a red label. The quaint Chinese characters stipulate that we respect local etiquette, that we do not enter the chapels for

purposes of amusement, — this stipulation is made since vandals danced on the Altar of Heaven, — that we cook our own coarse food in a special kitchen, as the priest is a vegetarian and does not like his pure diet defiled by the fumes of our 'cow meat,' and that our servants do not sing 'ribald songs' within hearing of the village girls. Otherwise we are free to do exactly as we please. In the 'Great Awakening,' though there is no license, there is perfect liberty — the genuine, tolerant liberty about which the world is always talking so much but does not have elsewhere.

The village near which our temple stands is, in fact, an island in the midst of the chaos that is the Western conception of modern China—an island of peace and innocence. Our neighbors are farmer folk, owning and working their own fields, most of whom have never been to the city, thirty miles away. They do not know what a motor-car looks like. They have no police, for crime is practically unknown among them. They have no post office, since none desires to send or receive letters.

Often I wonder why we, with all our boasted civilization, should be less tolerant than Orientals? For they are tolerant. They know we adhere to a 'strange' religion, but they neither mock at us nor try to convert us. Our priest, on the contrary, is so deter-

¹ Reprinted in *Japan Advertiser* (Tokyo American daily) of February 12 and 13 from *North China Daily News*

mined to make us feel comfortable about our difference of faith that the very day of our arrival he formulates a universal creed by which we — Christians and Buddhists — may live in harmony. God he translates as 'Heaven' or 'good.' Can we not all subscribe to that? Most certainly! Very well; then let us each follow the right as we see the right, with mutual respect. This being established, he further shows his broadmindedness by offering to put a memorial tablet on his altar to those of our friends who have given their lives in the Great War. What, I wonder again, would be the reception of Chinese Buddhists who came to summer in a New England town and to church services there?

Our priest is an educated man with an unusual odor of sanctity in a land where the clergy are generally, and deservedly, despised. He keeps his vows where his colleagues break theirs. He reads and studies. His eyes, as the people say, 'are awake'; therefore it is easier for him to understand us strangers. Not so the farmers who see white faces for the first time, and might be excused for thinking us devils. But curiosity helps to overcome their prejudices; while the arrival of our cart, with furniture and food, is an event that brings the whole population into the village street.

'*Ai yah*. These foreigners!' an old man exclaims. 'How much they need for the simple business of living!' Quite true. The Chinese can certainly teach us a lesson on how to be content with little. Even our priest, a cultivated gentleman, requires next to nothing for his comfort — two chairs, a table, a wadded quilt, a brass washbasin, a few books, and a single cupboard for his scanty wardrobe. No wonder, with such standards, that his guestrooms are sparsely furnished. We find a few stiff but elegant black-

wood chairs and graceful long tables in each room, and a brick platform for a bed — that is all. As guests of Buddha we learn again forgotten lessons of simplicity, for we have no electric bells, and are forced to remember that voices were made for calling. Our lights are candles, in tall red candlesticks, and having round white lanterns like full moons with lucky bats painted in red fitting over them. Water is hoisted from a well in a bamboo basket by a simple contrivance consisting of a wooden drum with a handle. A deaf old temple coolie turns this all day long for the munificent wage of two dollars a month — and turns it with a smile. What water escapes from our Chinese equivalent of the 'old oaken bucket' — and there is a great deal, because the basket is nearly as venerable as the coolie, and leaks badly — runs into a tiny irrigating trough to the kitchen garden and the miniature orchard beyond, where peach blossoms in May, and golden persimmons in October, make splashes of color against the gray temple walls.

A spring that gushes from the living rock and pours out of a stone dragon's mouth into a square basin, with a pretty parapet, serves us as a natural refrigerator. It is also the home of a living dragon. We have not seen him yet. But we are assured that a Manchu emperor who came here years ago was made to realize the monster's presence and his might.

Now, in former days, even sovereigns came to be guests of Buddha — came in state, traveling through the awed countryside in golden sedan chairs, with long processions of retainers carrying ceremonial umbrellas of yellow satin, and with camels having sable skins loaded with Imperial baggage hanging from their throats. So, once upon a time, the mighty Ch'ien Lung arrived to stand beside this pool at

the 'Great Awakening.' His Majesty looked into its limpid depths and commanded the Dragon to appear before him. A tiny creature swam to the surface with a bow. '*Aiyah*,' exclaimed the Son of Heaven in his pride, 'what an insignificant creature!' 'Hm,' said the Dragon under his breath, 'this mortal needs a lesson in humility!' Thereupon he lifted one scaly foot with fearsome claws above the water. It grew and grew till it cast a shadow on the sky. It grew and grew till it spread over the hills. It grew and kept on growing till it stretched beyond them to the Emperor's Summer Palace and made as if to clutch and crunch.

'Enough,' begged the sovereign; 'I do indeed believe you are a powerful dragon. Return, I beseech you, to your pool.' Whereupon His Majesty fell on his knees beside the spring, and knocked his head on the flagstone till the Dragon, appeased, reëntered the water.

We often and irreverently enter the cool water to bathe. But, so far, His Dragon Majesty has made no protest. Only the golden carp, which hasten to the rocks for shelter, resent our intrusion. We are careful, however, not to disturb them at meal times, when the priest's young assistant, an orphan boy, comes to the parapet and claps two pieces of wood sharply together. The fish hear this quaint dinner bell and gather to receive the bits of dough-cake thrown them.

On one day of the year the priest formally requests us not to swim. It is the day of the Harvest Festival, when a deputation of villagers comes to thank the Dragon for his gift of water. The little service they hold at the edge of the pool is very touching. All kneel together, all bow in unison, while prayers written upon yellow paper are burned and incense lighted. 'We thank thee, O Mighty Dragon,'

the farmers murmur, 'for the life-giving stream which escapes from this thy spring to fertilize our rice-fields.' Their service, though simple, is very reverent, and their gratitude very real. North China is a dry land. Not every village has the luck to have a Water Dragon.

For this same Harvest Festival there is a fair at the temple. Amusements are rare in the Chinese countryside, so great preparations are made for the holiday. The open space in front of the temple becomes overnight a hamlet of mat sheds for open-air restaurants, blacksmiths' shanties, and hair-cutting parlors, since the villagers still cling to the queue and like to have their heads newly dressed for the festival. Peddlers put up their stalls in the courtyards of the 'Great Awakening.' They make a brave show of colored cotton cloths for the women to wear and artificial flowers for them to put in their hair on such occasions as at weddings. Other vendors bring useful household articles like straw brooms, feather dusters, and wooden tubs. Then there are toys for the children, — ingenious trifles made of bamboo, clay, and feathers, costing less than a copper cent, — and sweetmeats of colored sugar that glow in the sunshine like rubies and emeralds.

After the worship in the sanctuary, where everyone burns incense to Buddha, the women indulge in an orgy of shopping, while the men take the opportunity to visit the blacksmith and have their farming implements repaired. Later all gather in front of the picturesque little open-air theatre that belongs to the temple, where a theatrical troupe performs for their amusement.

The players are only crude country mummers, but the audience is not fastidious, and enjoys the legendary and historical plays provided, however rudely acted. Imagination, held down

as a rule by the pressure of material life, runs riot to-day and supplies all deficiencies of scenery. When the buffoon comes on the bare stage with a whip in his hand everyone knows he is riding a spirited horse. His companion appears with a paddle. No need to tell the spectators that he is in a boat, crossing a raging river. And why further explain the taking of a city when a blue cloth screen painted like a fortress wall is brought out and a warrior points an arrow at it?

The priest, despite his superior culture, enjoys the play quite as much as his simple flock. As he sees a theatre only once a year, his critical faculty is mercifully dulled. We cannot help asking him whether he does not find eleven months of country life, with rare visits from intellectual equals and no amusements save this festival, monotonous. His philosophic answer is a gentle rebuke to our restless desire for perpetual thrills, to our frantic need for 'something doing,' forgotten as soon as it is done.

'Elder Brothers,' says he gently, 'is there not vast entertainment for the wise man in the rising of the sun beyond the hills, in the dripping of the stream, and in the song of those white pines that stand so straight in yonder courtyard like candlesticks to hold the stars?'

After the festival our living-quarters are invaded by the curious. On this one day none may be denied, and if we dislike the custom we have but to return to the city, since on this great occasion the temple belongs to the people. But because they are so polite, so truly courteous, we are content to let the women and children enter to marvel at our luxuries, at our tortoiseshell combs, — so much better than their scratchy wooden ones, — at our leather shoes that the rain cannot penetrate, at our soft rattan chairs in

which it is possible to lean back and relax, at our cups with handles and our sharp pronged forks — in a word, at all the wonders of our civilization.

'In your country,' ventures one old lady admiringly yet not enviously, 'you must have everything, everything that our poor homes lack.' We are tempted to reply, 'Yes, our people have everything that you have not — everything but contentment.'

Save on this one day of festival, our living-quarters are absolutely quiet. Only the soft-footed servants enter, and no sound penetrates but the song of the spring near which we are lodged. Hosts and guests, we each have a little house to ourselves. This is the Chinese way of building, in separate pavilions. It is a universal principle of their architecture, and applies equally to monasteries, palaces, and the dwellings of simple folk. Sometimes these pavilions stand around stone paved courtyards, sometimes they are scattered through a garden. At the 'Great Awakening' both methods are used. Our sitting-room, for instance, is in a formal court on flat ground; our bedrooms are dotted over the hillside above, each in a little yard of its own, with sheltering trees. Nowhere else in the world is there a system that gives the same sense of intimacy joined to the same sense of privacy. Its only drawback is great extravagance of ground-space.

Each pavilion is divided into two rooms by a carved wooden partition, or by a round blind window set in solid paneling. The smaller half serves as a bed-alcove, the larger as a private sitting-room. Both have paper windows protected by a wooden trellis. The paper is so pasted that sides and bottom are left loose, thus forming flaps which may be rolled up to admit air, and which are held in place by a spider-web of fine string. Incredible as

it seems to us, the tough paper keeps out the cold better than glass. The priest keeps his flowers in a paper hot-house all winter, and they thrive quite as well as in our elaborate conservatories.

Our doors also are papered, with a small wooden panel at the bottom for the sake of solidity. In this panel a hole is cut to let the cat in and out, and in winter pussy's door is covered with a wadded curtain which the intelligent creature learns to push aside. It is significant that there are no locks. None is needed; the entire temple compound is surrounded by a high brick wall, and the outer gate is closed at night and barred by a wooden bolt.

Two watchdogs, scraggy creatures rather like Alaskan huskies, with dispositions that are a curious mixture of fierceness and craven timidity, guard the monastery. But our real security is the inherent honesty of the peasants. Robbery among them is almost unknown. We leave everything open, and our rings on the long carved table that serves as a bureau. Nothing is ever disturbed except by our own red setter pup, who occasionally swallows a table napkin or gnaws a book, or by the high winds that sweep over the plain and scatter our papers. When the latter come rushing down from the distant Mongolian desert we close our doors and barricade them with two little stone lions that stand on our narrow verandah. They are quaint creatures, little decorative freaks, chips of the imagination of some forgotten artist with a droll sense of humor. One is fat with a stolid face and an absurd curly tail; the other is thin with a cunning smile. We have named them after two members of our Diplomatic Corps. Everybody sees the resemblance, even the gentlemen in question, and they are generally known in our Peking 'toy community' as the 'joke lions.'

Now stone lions are common decorations in the courts of Buddha. Two huge ones keep guard over the main sanctuaries of the 'Great Awakening.' It is easy to see that they were carved by a sculptor who never saw a real 'King of Beasts' but made up a model out of his head. Nevertheless he has contrived to fashion quite a convincing pair of monsters, with stone curls on their pates like King Charles's periwigs. The male has a ball under one paw, and into this toy the milk which Chinese lions are supposed to secrete in their claws is said to be flowing. When real lions roamed these hills hundreds of years ago, according to tradition, the people say that their forefathers went in search of such balls at dawn, extracted the lion's milk, and cured diseases with it. The lioness is shown with a cub under her paw sucking its nourishment from her claws.

Just beyond the guardian lions is Buddha's main shrine, in a line with the imposing entrance-gate, which is painted a soft reddish pink — pink with the gray of ashes in it. The temple has a graceful upturned roof covered with yellow tiles. The priest explains that these tiles were the gift of an emperor. They are not to be found everywhere, but were always a special mark of favor from a sovereign who desired to honor the gods, or else a sign that the sanctuary beneath them was Imperial property. The 'Great Awakening' happens to be a memorial temple to a prince of the Manchu Dynasty. His tablet rests in a special tablet house that corresponds to what we should call a mortuary chapel. After we have won his confidence, ever a slow business in China, the priest allows us to enter. Our first impression is emptiness. Then, as our eyes grow accustomed to the semidarkness, we distinguish the tablet — a simple strip of lacquered wood standing on a dusty altar, with

an incense-burner, two vases of gilded lotus flowers, and two candlesticks in front of it. Above are yellow silken draperies three hundred years old, falling into tatters. The whole room is in the casual disorder characteristic of Chinese holy places. We distinguish a shadowy heap of painted glass lanterns, sixteenth century, that would delight the heart of a curio-collecting globe-trotter. They are used only at the yearly festival. Leaning against a wall are rusty iron pikes with moth-eaten red horsehair tassels, which denote the dwelling of a warrior, which every Manchu prince theoretically was.

A pile of broken chairs and tables stands in one corner, with a bunch of old feather dusters and the priest's broad-brimmed summer hat. Alongside is the coffin which every self-respecting man in China buys early in life and keeps ready, giving it an extra coat of lacquer each year. What strikes us forcibly in this dusty sanctuary is the curious Chinese familiarity with the dead. This table represents in the eyes of the priest an actual person, a clan superior, a living soul. Any irreverence toward it is unthinkable. Yet there is nothing unseemly in Chinese eyes in storing personal belongings in the sanctuary, any more than there would be in asking a friend for permission to put some of your things in his cupboard because you had not enough room in yours. Few foreigners ever fathom the attitude of these Orientals toward their dear departed. Some of us believe it to be superstitious worship, and are shocked. But in truth it is really a continued loving association that persists beyond the grave. Those who have gone across the 'Celestial River,' according to their belief, still need those who remain on earth, and vice versa. From the Shadowy World the spirits retain an interest in their living kinsfolk and

their retainers, listen to their joys and griefs, and once a year return to partake of the feast prepared for them. The fumes of wine poured out in thimble cups, the vapors of the meats set out on the offering table, give them sustenance. Without these loving sacrifices made at regular intervals the souls would be hungry and lonely. And that is why the Chinese so desire the gift of sons that there may be a male descendant to care for the souls of the ancestors. Though women may share in the cult, they cannot maintain it.

We are permitted as a great favor to watch the service that the little Prince, a boy of eight years, last descendant of an illustrious line, holds every autumn in honor of his forefather. He comes at the beginning of the cold season, bringing with him food and bundles of winter clothes — that is to say, paper models of wadded garments, which are burned in the huge iron brazier near the shrine. The underlying idea is that the clothing ascends in smoke to the 'Beyond' to keep the 'Ancestor' warm. We suggest that the founder of the family must have been a very good man to deserve so much attention. 'Good or bad,' replies the priest, 'it is not for his descendants to judge. These sacrifices are the custom, and not to make them would be disgraceful. It so happens that the First Prince was indeed a good man. In his lifetime people called him the "Harmonious One," though his official title was Prince Yi. Best beloved of the eighteen turbulent brothers of the Emperor Yung-chêng whom foreigners remember because of the beautiful monochrome porcelains made during his reign, Prince Yi also knew how to endear himself to the peasants of this neighborhood, most of whom were tenants of his lands. As a tribute to his charity and wise administration, they gave, at his death in

1730, from their precious grainfields, land to build this temple. One of those two stone tablets standing yonder on the terrace records the contribution of the Emperor Yung-chêng himself in lumps of silver for these buildings. The other is a list of village families who gave a few coppers each out of their meagre savings for the same noble purpose.'

Then the priest, who, like all Chinese, has a keen sense of humor, added with a twinkle in his eye, 'You foreigners must have heard of Prince Yi. He was the man who, when certain missionaries suspected of stirring up factions among the too-numerous Imperial Clansmen came to him to intercede for them with his brother the Emperor, replied: "What would you say if we were to transport ourselves to the Western world and act as you have done here? Would you permit it for a moment? In the course of time I shall master this business, but I declare to you that China will want for nothing when you cease to live in it, nor will your absence cause it any loss. Here nobody is retained by force; but nobody will be permitted to remain who breaks our laws or ignores our customs.'" We smile in reply as at a huge joke, and wonder if our servants have been bringing out newspapers from town and lending them to the priests. Only yesterday there were editorials echoing Prince Yi's remarks.

Meanwhile the tablet house is ceremoniously closed up again, and we spend the rest of the day full of thought about the new China and the old under the trees. Some very wise gardener, worthy to collaborate with the architect who gave the splendid sweep to the roofs of the 'Great Awakening' and planned the elegant proportions of its courtyards, did the planting here. First he must have set out the magnificent white pines with their ghostly

trunks and branches that stand alone in two separate little gardens on either side of the tablet house. It takes the pines of North China fifty years to put on their white shrouds, and only after a century of growth do they attain their full splendor. The dark-skinned umbrella pines spread their green arms over the roof of Buddha's sanctuary in the course of a man's lifetime. Like green æolian harps they play in every breeze, answering with soft, low notes the tinkling wind-bells hanging from the eaves.

The flowering crab apple that in spring sends a soft snowfall of white petals on to the terrace is older than our grandmothers. The trumpet vine whose scarlet blossoms glow against the wall has flowered a hundred times in honor of the 'Harmonious Prince.' For more than two centuries the splendid ginkgo in our living-courtyard — this strange tree species, oldest of its race and known to botanists as the last link with the fern family — has shed its leaves in autumn, dropping them like golden coins on to the pavement. But it seems to me as if the gardener loved the catalpa best, for he planted it beside the pool; a precious tree, since the wood of its species was always chosen for Imperial coffins; a friendly tree too, lending its trunk and branches to the climbing wisteria vines and sociably dropping its sweet-scented pink blossoms with the purple tassels of its guest into the water of the spring.

Perhaps it is because the trees in China have been so long and lovingly tended by the hand of man that they seem to become almost human, and sometimes half-divine. We have seen incense burned before a ginkgo in a neighboring temple and solemn worship paid to it. We are assured that certain trees have souls. Why not? In China so many things have souls — tablets, crumbling images, the little

grave-mounds that dot the fields, and many a stream and spring. As for men and women, they each have not one but three souls — a soul for temporal and temporary use, a soul to hover round the tomb, and a soul to rest in the tablet.

As we sit at the sunset hour in the courtyard under the big open pavilion with red lacquer pillars and beetling eaves, as we listen to the soft chiming of the wind-bells and watch the young acolyte going his evening rounds with lighted incense-sticks for Buddha, the Tablet, and the Dragon God, we hear a strange unearthly cry from the village, and on inquiry learn that someone is 'calling a soul.'

It seems there is a child who is very sick — unconscious, in fact. The priest explains that the little soul has left the body, and that the family must try to get it back or the boy will surely die. Hence the weird, unearthly cry, reserved for such occasions. The voice is a woman's voice, and a mother's. It is heart-rending. Suddenly there is silence, followed by a burst of weeping. What has happened now, we ask? The soul would not return, they tell us. The child is dead. Filled with pity, we inquire if there is anything we can do to help the stricken family. 'Your charitable intention does you credit, Elder Brothers,' says the priest with that unconscious air of pleasurable surprise that an educated Chinese assumes, quite unintentionally, whenever he finds that the rude Barbarian Foreigner shows a sense of real propriety. 'The family is indeed very miserable. Undoubtedly a little contribution for the funeral would be welcome'.

Our minds fly to wreaths of white paper chrysanthemums or the satin scrolls with gilded ideographs that the Chinese send on such occasions, and we are puzzling how to get them out from town in time. Somehow the priest

divines our thoughts. 'The dead person being of young age, the funeral will take place very soon. I shall be asked to consult my almanac and choose the first lucky day. There must be one within a week or two. Of course, in the case of an adult decency would require a longer interval, perhaps of several months. But a child, having no descendants, needs no elaborate ceremonies. Still, if the Elder Brothers graciously desire to help, a contribution of a silver dollar would be generous.' We decide to send two silver dollars that the poor little soul may have a fine funeral and the mother's heart be soothed. 'Your munificence will be remembered forever in the village,' comments the priest as he instructs us how to wrap our tiny gift in white paper and when to send it to make the most effect.

The gift of the foreigners must arrive when the neighbors are assembled in the house of mourning. Thus will great 'face' be given to the poor little weeping mother and her social position be vastly increased. May this consolation, so dear to the heart of woman, help to dry her tears. In the servants' quarters we overhear a discussion. 'Now why,' says our Number One Boy who acts as butler, 'should these foreigners care if a stranger peasant woman weeps?'

'I'll answer you that when you tell me why the Barbarians leave their comfortable houses in the city and come to this humble village to live among simple folk who dig and sow and live in mud huts among the hills,' answers the coolie chambermaid. 'Their ways are inscrutable to us because they are mad,' says the priest. 'Nevertheless it is well that they give money to the distressed. Money at the right time helps to calm even a mother's grief. Besides,' he adds philosophically, 'time will cure all things save perversity in asses.'

THE PROVINCE OF THE REVIEWER¹

BY THE RIGHT HONORABLE AUGUSTINE BIRRELL

How easy is it to compose the title-page of an authoritative treatise, like Locke's or John Austin's, and how hard to contribute a line toward the elucidation of the theme.

Many long years ago I read, in one of those Preliminary Dissertations that in the earlier part of the last century still often formed the impressive, if not inviting, portico to substantial and many-volumed works, that 'the origin of reviewing has been attributed to Photius.' This was quite enough in those days to induce me to stop my reading and go in search of this fertile Photius from whose entrails sprang the buzzing swarm of reviewers. At first I got started on a false scent, and found myself reading about a Photius who was the son by a former alliance of that very wicked woman, Theodora, — in whose career, needless to say, Gibbon took such an unholy interest, — and consequently was the stepson of the Emperor Justinian, whose Institutes have played no inconsiderable part in the education of many of us. This Photius was, as I soon discovered, not my man. The true Photius, the *fons et origo mali*, belonged to the ninth century, and his life, even in an epitome, presented most varied features, for he was not only an ambassador, a judge, and a soldier, but also an ecclesiastic, who in less than a week contrived to become monk, subdeacon, deacon, and presbyter, ending up on Christmas Day 858 as Patriarch

of Constantinople! Would we could hold out to the young reviewers of the *Observer* any prospect of so rapid a preferment in either Church or State!

The claims of Photius to be the real father of our profession will not bear examination, for, though a great book-collector, — which few reviewers are, — and a persistent reader and note-taker, his *Myriobiblion* or *Bibliotheca* is reported to me to contain nothing but selected passages from the books he had read — like another and an earlier Macaulay in India — during one embassy to Persia, and was never intended to be a critical survey. Still, the fact that Photius first *read* the manuscripts he noticed entitles him to a place of honor in our ranks.

This Photian method of reviewing endured for many centuries, and probably gave satisfaction to the authors, who, as they had no copyright in their labors, could hardly complain of being abridged.

The true parent of the reviewer, as he exists among us to-day, is to be found, where we might expect to find him, in France, but no further back than the middle of the seventeenth century — when Denis de Sallo, a man of position and mark, established in 1655 the *Journal des Savants*, or *Sçavans*, as the word was then printed. This was a weekly publication, and contained reviews 'of the most popular and distinguished publications in every department of literature.' The style of this periodical soon became so lively and sarcastic that de Sallo, wishing to

¹ From the *Observer* (London Moderate Sunday paper), March 14

shield himself from the blind fury of the Celtic author, published it in the name of his footman, one de Houdonville; thus forestalling by a century Thackeray's Mr. Jeames de la Pluche.

But though de Sallo and his footman got the start, England soon followed on, for there has never been a publication so unmistakably British as the *Monthly Review*, established in 1749 by Mr. Griffiths and his wife, whose hard bargain with Oliver Goldsmith, perhaps the greatest miscellaneous writer we have ever had, is the subject matter of some of the best-known anecdotes in the annals of Grub Street.

The *Monthly Review* continued, under different managements, until 1845, and fills two hundred and forty-nine volumes. It soon had a rival in Dr. Smollett's *Critical Review*, and on the respective merits of these two Dr. Johnson once expatiated as follows, employing language not wholly irrelevant to our own times:—

'The Monthly Reviewers are not Deists, but they are Christians with as little Christianity as may be, and are for pulling down all establishments. The Critical Reviewers are for supporting the constitution, both in Church and State. The Critical Reviewers I believe often review without reading the books all through, but lay hold of a topic and write chiefly from their own minds. The Monthly Reviewers are duller fellows and are glad to read the books through.'

This last distinction between two classes of reviewers is certainly not a distinction without a difference. It is a great difference, and one that will always be noticeable by both the author of the book and the reader of the review.

These two reviews deserve to be called critical journals, but their editors were not on good terms, and, being in

this respect unlike present-day editors, who seldom condescend to recognize the existence of a rival organ, spoke out about each other, and their respective staffs, with the pleasant freedom of their century. Thus Griffiths did not hesitate to say, and print, that 'the *Monthly Review* was not written by physicians without practice, authors without learning, men without decency, gentlemen without manners, and critics without judgment'; to which Dr. Smollett retorted with undeniable spirit: 'The *Critical Review* is not written by a parcel of hirelings, under the restraint of a bookseller and his wife, who presume to revise, alter, and amend the articles. Our principal writers are unconnected with booksellers, unawed by old women, and independent of each other.' This may be an old-fashioned style of writing, but it has a smack of 'modernity' about it, and some of the caps still fit, though to put them on would be dangerous, writing as I do under my own name.

It is with reluctance that I leave the eighteenth century, and the ashes of the dead, and force myself to ask the questions: How stands the business of reviewing to-day? How is the young reviewer to thread his way through the crowded thoroughfares of the printed matter that, like a huge tidal wave, daily breaks upon an editor's office?

One thing is plain — *all* the books, reprints, and new publications cannot be even so much as noticed save in the advertisement columns. But which, and how? In the Photian method, in the sarcastic style of the *Journal des Savants*, in the pleasant style of the *Monthly* and *Critical* reviews, or in the big-bowwow style of the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly*? And if in the last-named style, how in the name of Relativity can room be found, in a weekly

or even monthly publication, for more than two reviews at a time?

Never was a day when these questions were so hard to answer. Short notices are just now in great favor with editors, and who can wonder? But neither justice nor injustice can be done to a really good book or a bad one in a thousand words. Believe me, Mr. Editor, the thing cannot be done! Half a dozen poets squeezed into one column! A dozen novels in a column and a half! The publishers may be satisfied, but not the author or the reader of the notice. There is no fun even in folly unless it is drawn at full length.

When Lord Jeffrey thought fit to make fun of Wordsworth he did so, being the honest man he was, at great length; with the result that his famous review remains to this day one of the best anthologies of Wordsworth yet published; the fact that the reviewer made his selection from some of the noblest and most heart-stirring lines in English poetry, on the ground of their supposed badness and childish absurdity, has been rendered innocuous by the mere lapse of time.

We have only to read the publishing-lists to perceive with what an avalanche of print the present-day reviewer is confronted in all departments of literature and science — why *Sacra Theologia* herself, like a bird escaping from the net of the fowler, is fast repairing her ancient nests in the dim corners of the library.

How are these books to be selected and judged? Some young and lusty reviewers, so I have been told, are in the habit of descending upon the editorial parlors and carrying off with them to their suburban lairs the review copies, either that they may add them to their own libraries — though a reviewer's library is never a thing to look at with pleasure — or because for

some reason they deem themselves to be the best qualified to handle the author's theme. This is a haphazard method of natural selection, and gives an unfair advantage to the able-bodied. The editor should prepare, and keep secret, a list of his reviewers, recording briefly the nature of their gifts, the extent, so far as he can give a guess; of their learning, and the subjects on which they should be forbidden to discourse.

I will conclude with a caution. Why have reviewers so evil a reputation? Is it not because of their past failure in the realms of poetry and imagination? Jeffrey misjudged Wordsworth and failed to appreciate Keats and Coleridge, that trio of quintessential poets, from sheer incapacity, and for the same sort of reason that inspired Tom Moore, when writing to Lord John Russell, to express his disappointment that he had not had the chance of dusting the young Tennyson's jacket in the pages of the *Edinburgh Review*.

In other branches of literature, and when only established reputations were concerned, these old reviewers are not so bad, though when you think of the wicked wrong and injury inflicted upon science by that impudent sciolist Lord Brougham, in the *Edinburgh Review*, you feel how important it is that the editor of a critical journal should be man enough to keep even a Brougham in order.

Leaving Science, which now can take care of herself, on one side, how is a literary editor to avoid the blunders of the old *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly* reviewers when disporting themselves in the delicate realms of poetry and imagination? Can it be done by a judicious snubbing of the baldheads and bidding them 'stand down,' in order to make room for their juniors? This *may* be the method, but if so it

must be adopted cautiously, for the young men and women of the present generation become themselves 'back numbers' with an amazing celerity.

Allow me to put an end to these tortuosities with a quotation from Gibbon, after reading the ninth chapter of Longinus:—

'The ninth chapter, which treats of the elevation of ideas, is one of the finest monuments of antiquity. Till

now, I was acquainted only with two ways of criticizing a beautiful passage, the one to show, by an exact anatomy of it, the distinct beauties of it, and whence they sprung—the other, an idle exclamation or a general encomium which leaves nothing behind it. Longinus has shown me there is a third. He tells me his own feelings upon reading it, and tells them with such energy that he communicates them.'

COMPTON MACKENZIE'S NOVELS¹

BY SHEILA KAYE-SMITH

FOR a week I have gazed across the sea at Mr. Compton Mackenzie's island home of Jethou. Every day I have planned to cross over, and every day I have been defeated, either by fog or wind or the failure of the only available motor-boat on my own island. It is no joke, this Great Russell between Sark and Jethou, by no means to be negotiated by small craft in bad weather; and the Little Russell on the farther side between Jethou and Guernsey is not much better. Compton Mackenzie has chosen to exile himself upon his island, and this is typical of both the man and his work. As a rule, the average English man-novelist can be found in either Chelsea or Bloomsbury, if he is not at the Savage Club. Going from one literary dinner-party to another, you meet inevitably the same group. If you fail to get a word with Mr. J. D. Swinnerpole at the P. E. N. dinner, you are not too greatly

discouraged, because you are sure to meet him to-morrow evening at the After-Dinner Club. But not so with Mr. Compton Mackenzie. If you were to miss him at one dinner, you would probably not get a chance to see him again for a year at least, as his appearances in London are few and fleeting and mostly connected with what is at present the great interest of his life, which is not literature but the gramophone.

This again is characteristic. Because he is himself a novelist, Mr. Mackenzie does not therefore believe that novel-writing or even literature is the most important of the arts; he would give that honor to music, though he himself is no performer and serves his goddess but in the most humble capacity.

Because he has kept out of the main stream of London literary life, and kept himself free of the philosophies and conventions of literary people, there is about his work an originality and a

¹ From *T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly* (London popular journal), February 27 and March 6

freedom that can scarcely be found elsewhere in modern English literature. Perhaps the aloofness is the consequence of the originality and freedom rather than their cause; but no matter how these two may stand in relation to each other as cause and effect, there is no denying that Mr. Compton Mackenzie's position in modern English literature is unique.

Even those who do not admire him as a novelist cannot accuse him of either tameness or conventionality or a following in the steps of other men. It is perhaps this very independence that is responsible for certain looks askance that he gets from some quarters. The modern critical tendency is all for comparison and classification, but what are you to do with a man who one year writes a trilogy founded entirely on religious experience and the next produces a serial for a picture newspaper? Personally, I think it is glorious to be able to do both, and Mr. Mackenzie is the only living author who can.

When we look back on his career we see that from the beginning he has been a man unbound — unbound by style, school, subject, or environment. His first novel was historical, an elegant and charming re-creation of the eighteenth century in Bath. *The Passionate Elopement* is a complete success in its own line; it attracted a great deal of attention and enthusiasm at the time of its publication, and the literary world waited for Mr. Compton Mackenzie to repeat himself. But where many another author would have been content to re-create, as his second effort, the eighteenth century at Tunbridge Wells or the seventeenth century at Oxford, the author of *The Passionate Elopement* leapt straight into modern theatrical life and gave us in *Carnival* the story of a typical show-girl of to-day.

Carnival astonished where *The Passionate Elopement* had delighted. Mr.

Mackenzie's knowledge of theatrical life enabled him to give of it a picture that was sometimes almost too realistic for modern taste, yet over it all he cast the glamour which is his own particular gift, and which in my own opinion is his greatest gift. Perhaps the glamour is more obvious in *Carnival* than in later novels — the lights are brighter and cruder. Personally, I do not know how the book would reread. It is a tribute to it, and to the thrill of my first impressions, that I have never dared to make the attempt. I could not face the risk of being disillusioned in *Carnival*, and that is perhaps as great a compliment to the author as to say that I had read it again and again.

Carnival made Mr. Compton Mackenzie a famous author, and all literary England and America awaited his third novel.

Sinister Street is in many ways his most remarkable achievement. By its very nature — it was published in two volumes of about two hundred thousand words each — it is not so well constructed and satisfactory a work of art as *Carnival*, but it is even more challenging and more interesting. The critics, of course, found more to criticize. *Carnival* had been received with almost unanimous applause; it was both interesting as a novel and glamorous as a work of art. It was almost impossible to criticize it, for the glamour had this remarkable quality, that it caught the critics too.

But there was less glamour, and perhaps less interest, in the conventional sense of the term, in *Sinister Street*. The detailed story of the youth and adolescence of a man who will eventually become a priest has its languors and its disappointments. Michael Fane is more alive at some periods than at others. Also, in the necessary discarding of plot Mr. Mackenzie may have too defiantly ignored rules of construction.

Nevertheless the book is one of the most remarkable novels published in England this century, and one which had the distinction of starting a new school in English fiction. For some time after it appeared the libraries were stuffed with the life stories of young men who went to school, and then to college, and were abandoned by their authors on the threshold of adult life and love.

This fashion has naturally passed, but *Sinister Street* may be said to have revived the 'cradle to grave' novel among us, the story that is a simple narration of a man's or woman's life rather than the dealing with any special situation or complications in it. This type of novel is, of course, one of the oldest types, but it had died out during the nineties of last century, when French standards of technique prevailed. Mr. Mackenzie revived it with all the advantages of an improved technique.

These three novels — *The Passionate Elopement*, *Carnival*, and *Sinister Street* — are in three distinct and different styles.

His fourth novel, *Guy and Pauline*, was also in a sense a new experiment, though it made use of characters and situations that had already been dealt with in *Sinister Street*. Mr. Mackenzie; by the way, is one of those authors whose characters continue his lifelong friends; they are not discarded when the book is finished, but are reintroduced and used again and again.

On the advantages of the method I have never been able to make up my mind. Sometimes it is a disappointment rather than a delight to meet a much-loved character on another occasion; but, on the other hand, it has given a reality to fiction which has been dear unto many ever since Balzac wrote *La Comédie Humaine*, and Mr. Mackenzie's novels are a real *comédie*

humaine. Michael Fane, Maurice Avory, Sylvia Scarlett, Father Dorward, and other personalities link up their diverse styles into a characteristic unity. *Guy and Pauline* has strong affinities with *Sinister Street*, in that it is the story of a young Oxford man whom we have met before in the earlier novels, but in many ways it disappointed the admirers of the earlier book, owing to the extraordinary quietness of its style and situations.

Put baldly, *Guy and Pauline* is the story of a young Oxford man, not in very comfortable circumstances, who becomes engaged to a clergyman's daughter. For financial reasons their engagement drags on without any definite plans for marriage, and is finally broken off. That is all the story, spreading through over three hundred pages. Those who wish for sensation, for the startling element at work in *Carnival* and *Sinister Street*, were naturally disappointed; none the less, to many of Mr. Mackenzie's critics *Guy and Pauline* is his masterpiece, because here his wonderful sense of glamour has really found its own. Yet there is no sensation, very little incident; the characters have nothing startling about them in the way of either vice or virtue.

One might say that the book did not contain enough incident even for a short story; and yet it triumphs. Not that it is in any way merely a *tour de force*; it is a genuine piece of artistic construction, and marks, perhaps, the climax of Mr. Mackenzie's artistic achievement.

There is a gulf fixed between *Guy and Pauline* and Mr. Mackenzie's later work — a gulf that yawns across the work of many a man, or indeed woman, novelist of this period, the gulf of the years 1914 to 1918. With Mr. Mackenzie it is dug deeper than with some; one would surely say that he has a greater sensitiveness to environment and contemporary life than most novel-

ists. After the war and his experiences in it — chiefly in connection with the Gallipoli campaign — it was impossible for him to write as he had written before, but his love for his old characters remained, and we find that his first novel after the silence is a reconstruction of the life of Sylvia Scarlett, that strange, tantalizing woman who had appeared for baffling glimpses in *Sinister Street*.

Frankly, the novel was a disappointment. The war seemed completely to have changed Mr. Mackenzie's style, and reading *Sylvia Scarlett* was like witnessing a cinematograph film very hurriedly shown. Sylvia rushes and darts about the Balkans and the Near East, so that one scarcely seems to get near enough to her for observation, and at the end of the book one feels one knows her less than at the end of *Sinister Street*. Rather in the same style is *Sylvia and Michael*, which followed. Looking back on them, I am not sure whether the fact of his having produced two novels like cinematograph films is not another instance of the artistic sensitiveness of Mr. Mackenzie's mind; to have sat down and written deliberately and brightly in the midst of those catastrophic years, or even immediately after them, would have argued an insensitiveness which he most definitely does not possess.

He followed the two Sylvia novels with yet another experiment. *Poor Relations* and its companion novel, *Rich Relatives*, are novels of humor alone. There has always been humor in Mr. Mackenzie's books, but here are two novels entirely given up to it, and he shows himself a master of the comic character and the comic situation.

His books seem now to follow each other more rapidly. *The Vanity Girl* is a not very successful return to the style of *Carnival*. *The Seven Ages of Woman* is curiously colorless for Mr.

Mackenzie. He seems to be growing hurried, almost impatient with himself and his art, to be unable to find a subject in which he is truly interested. Then suddenly he returns to his old manner, and the old glamour reasserts itself, though not for every man to see, in his religious trilogy, *The Parson's Progress*.

With this trilogy many parted company with Mr. Mackenzie, but to some of the critics it seemed the long-wished-for return to his earlier manner. At last he had found a subject in which he was himself deeply interested and with which he was profoundly competent to deal. Just as there had been humor in his novels long before he had written a novel that could be described as entirely humorous, so there had been religion in his books before he came to write a novel that could be called religious. In the three novels that form the complete *Parson's Progress* the interest is exclusively religious. They are the spiritual history of a new Michael Fane, one Mark Lidderdale. Brought up and priested in the Anglican Church, he becomes deeply involved in the more swashbuckling element of the Anglo-Catholic movement in the Church of England, and finally, after certain experiences in the war, revolts from Anglicanism and joins the Church of Rome.

On looking into the future I feel that Mr. Mackenzie has already indicated the lines on which he will finally and fully express himself. Since *The Parson's Progress* he has given us *The Old Man of the Sea* and *Coral*, the first a new departure, the second a fresh return to the *Carnival* manner. But the new way is but a bypath, and the old seems now definitely at an end. With his understanding of modern life, of human love, and of that religious impulse which is both the synthesis of all human emotion and its unifying link with

worlds beyond it, he has it in his power to write a novel greater than any that English literature has yet produced.

It is this that makes him so profoundly interesting even when he is not producing his best work. Personally, I would rather read a bad novel by Compton Mackenzie than a good novel by almost any other modern novelist you could name; he has about him a vital quality that one knows some day will inevitably surprise one. I feel that he is bound sooner or later to produce something really good, because, though perhaps his work has not yet achieved either the success or the greatness of some, he has capacities that no other living writer possesses.

At the present moment he is still a young man, and in spite of his earlier successes I do not feel that he has written himself out or even attained his highest achievement. When he really does his best it will be something entirely beyond the matter of small emotion and careful technique that has come to be regarded as the best among us. He will probably achieve this success by a return to his earlier methods, to the method most characteristic of him — that is, the method of *Sinister Street*. But the return will not be in the same manner as the start, for Mr. Mackenzie has traveled far in the meantime, and will bring his sheaves with him.

THE VINDICATION OF SAMUEL BUTLER¹

BY C. E. M. JOAD

THOSE who have read *Erewhon* and *The Way of All Flesh* will have been struck by the frequency of the biological references they contain. Nor are these references accidental. Samuel Butler was not a novelist, but a biologist who wrote occasional satire to amuse himself and to satisfy his spleen — a fact which the wide popularity of his fictional works has caused to be overlooked. His biological theories, ignored by contemporary scientists and for a dozen years after his death referred to in terms of contemptuous ridicule by the few biologists who condescended to notice him, have recently been vindicated by a number of experiments,

the revolutionary bearing of which upon our conception of the universe continues to escape general notice only because of the average scientist's constitutional inability to use his imagination to grasp the implication of his facts.

Since this evidence settles once and for all the timeworn controversy between the advocates of heredity and the advocates of environment as the factors chiefly determining character, — or, more precisely, since it finally determines the respects in which this controversy never can be settled, — it deserves the attention of that great body of scientists who, although they have never entered a laboratory in their lives, are justified of that title by their

¹ From the *Spectator* (London Moderate Conservative weekly), February 20, 27

inextinguishable curiosity about the universe and the way it works; in other words, of most men and some women.

I propose, therefore, to try in the first place to summarize Samuel Butler's theory, and to indicate some of the reasons for its forty years of disrepute. In the second place I shall describe the nature of the evidence that has so triumphantly vindicated what was in Butler no more than an inspired guess.

The controversy to which the discovery of evolution gave rise turned upon the causes of variations in species. That such variations had occurred and continued to occur was obvious. If they had not, — if, in other words, all offspring exactly resembled their parents, — the world would still be peopled by amœbas and jellyfish. There were two contemporary explanations in the field — that of Darwin and that of Lamarck. Darwin's was no explanation at all. He said, in effect, that he could not tell why variations occurred; all that he could affirm was that those that were suited to their environment survived. Lamarck ascribed to the influence of external environment what Darwin left to chance. The environment changed, and the species either adapted itself to the change or it did not. If it did, it survived; if not, it perished. Darwinism was the orthodox view when in the eighteen-sixties Butler first took the field as a convinced Lamarckian. He contended for purpose and progress in evolution, affirming that the adaptation of the organism to its environment was spontaneous, springing from within, rather than automatic and determined by influences exerted from without. More than this, any organism that had succeeded in slightly modifying itself by this purposive response handed on the modification to its offspring. Thus the offspring started, so to speak, where the parents left off, and by developing the

inherited modification achieved a still greater measure of racial differentiation. Thus a characteristic laboriously acquired by a parent appeared as a habit in the offspring, the offspring performing automatically and unconsciously activities which in the parent represented hardly won acquisitions.

The connecting thread in this process was memory. The offspring does what its parents did, and does it more easily because it remembers what they did. But how, it may be asked, can a child remember the activities of its parents? Because, says Butler, it *is* its parents. Butler proceeds to explain this startling announcement by a disquisition on the subject of identity. There is some sense, though a remote one, in which a man of eighty is the same person as a boy of six, so that he can say, 'I am the person who at the age of six did so and so.' In precisely this same sense, whatever it is, the boy of six is the same as the prenatal embryo from which he developed, the prenatal embryo as the germ cell from which it developed, and the germ cell as the parents' bodies of which it once formed part. Therefore there is as much identity between a parent and a child as between a child and an old man. The thread of continuity in virtue of which we assert this identity is memory, the baby chicken knowing that the first thing it must do with its beak is to peck its way out of the shell, because it remembers performing this action on countless previous occasions when it was in the persons of its ancestors. What is more, it knows that it must grow a horny piece of cuticle in the front of its face, and knows how to grow it, because it has done it so often before, and grows it accordingly without knowledge or effort. Actions which have been repeated in this way on a vast number of occasions become habitual, and are performed instinctively, without conscious attention.

Our remote ancestors learned with difficulty to circulate their blood and to grow their hair and nails. We have performed these processes so frequently that we can now go through them without thinking about them, our energy and attention thus being set free for other purposes. New acquisitions obtained by this released energy and attention will, in due course, appear in our remote descendants as inherited habits, with the result that there will one day be born a generation of babies who will know the multiplication table by instinct.

Thus we have a formula for progress in evolution. Evolution is creative and purposive: the life force acquires new faculties in the process of reacting to its external environment, and these new faculties appear as inherited endowments in its later manifestations. Life is not automatically determined by its environment. It grows and expresses itself in response to, and in a sense in spite of, its environment. One day, as in the last play of the *Back to Methuselah* Pentateuch, it will master its environment completely, and, ceasing to struggle to overcome matter, will proceed to uninterrupted contemplation.

This is all very well in its way; the formula of creative evolution constructs an imposing edifice, with space for many of the nobler aspirations of man. But there is one foundation-stone upon which the whole structure rests. This is the doctrine that characteristics acquired by parents can be inherited by offspring. Can they in fact, or can they not? The nineteenth century was on the whole inclined to say that they cannot. There was, as its men of science were never tired of pointing out, a complete lack of evidence, and there was the germ-cell theory of Weismann.

As regards the lack of evidence, take an acquired characteristic — or rather, since you can never be sure that you

have found one, manufacture one for yourself by cutting off the tails of a pair of mice. Their offspring will have tails of the normal length. As for Weismann, he proved conclusively, as it was then thought, that the germ cell, although part of the parents' bodies, was screened from all the influences that affected the parents' bodies. The parent was, in short, merely a sort of postman, handing on a letter that had been entrusted to him by *his* parents, but having no power to alter its contents. If this were so, nothing that happened to the parent could possibly alter the writing of the letter, and that it was so nearly everybody until a few years ago believed.

The evidence upon which the modern belief in the importance of environment in determining characteristics is based will be found admirably summarized in a little book, by Professor Jennings, entitled *Prometheus*, in the 'To-day and To-morrow' series. Some of this evidence supports the belief in the inheritance of acquired characteristics, but the support is negative rather than positive, since it chiefly takes the form of a disproof of Weismann's theory that the germ cell is unaffected by the adventures that happen to the parent. That positive evidence is not wanting, however, the experiments to which I shall refer in a moment show.

Although my concern here is mainly with conclusions, a word on the machinery of inheritance may not be out of place. It is now established that the substances passing from parents to offspring which form the offspring's inheritance are a number of packets of chemicals. These packets of chemicals, called genes, are ranged like beads along a thread; the thread with the beads upon it is called a chromosome. The chromosomes normally exist in pairs, but only one member of any pair goes to form the germ cell from which

the offspring develops, the other and corresponding member being contributed by the other parent. The embryo cell contains an enormous number, running into several hundreds, of different kinds of genes surrounded by a kind of jellylike substance or plasm. The cell develops as the result of the interaction of the genes (*a*) with each other, (*b*) with the surrounding plasm, (*c*) with the oxygen, food, and other chemicals introduced into the cell from outside, (*d*) with the physical effects produced by external environment. All these factors taken together make the individual what he is; change any one of them, and he will be a different person.

Two considerations of importance emerge. In the first place, any single characteristic that the individual may possess will normally be the product of a considerable number of different genes. Mendelism is responsible for the widely held view that, as a general rule, any particular characteristic is due to the presence or absence of one particular factor. Characteristics so produced were known as 'unit characters.' 'Unit characters,' however, no longer exist. It is now generally recognized that a characteristic, such as red hair, may be and usually is due to the collocation of some hundreds of genes. Change any single one of these, and the characteristic will disappear. Since the particular chromosomes together with their genes which go to form the germ cell of the embryo appear to be chosen almost at haphazard from the available supply of chromosomes in the parents' bodies, it would appear that there is no way of securing that an offspring shall have any particular set of desired characteristics. The number of different combinations of genes that with any two parents may go to the formation of one offspring is for all practical purposes infinite. This fact goes far to

disprove the practicability of any form of eugenics—at least so far as the determination of inherited factors is concerned.

Now let us turn to environment. The effect of recent experiments is enormously to increase its importance. A change in any one of the genes may, as we have seen, produce different characteristics; but so also may a change in any one of the influences to which the genes are subjected. What a man inherits, in short, is not a set of characteristics, but a very large number of potential sets; which of these sets will in fact materialize depends entirely upon his environment. A man's inheritance, therefore, is not what he is born with, but what under such and such conditions he may become. Thus the distinction between heredity and environment goes by the board. All characteristics are in a sense hereditary, since if the potentiality for them were not present in the genes they could not have developed; all characteristics are also environmental, in the sense that given any other environment they would have been different. In other words, every characteristic is a product both of heredity and of environment, differing both with the genes and with the influences to which they are subjected.

The changes in characteristics which have recently been produced in animals by suitably changing their environment are very startling. We normally think of a fish as having two eyes. If, however, you put him in the right kind of environment you can cause him to produce an offspring with one eye only in the middle of its face. A certain Dr. Kammerer, of Vienna, has carried out experiments of the most detailed character with salamanders and toads. There are two sets of salamanders in Europe. The first, salamander (1), is black, has two young,

which at birth closely resemble their parents, and normally inhabits cool Alpine uplands. The second kind of salamander, salamander (2), is black with yellow spots, and produces about thirty young, who when born have gills like fishes, pass the first six months of their life in water, and live in the warm moist lowlands. Dr. Kammerer subjected a number of salamanders (1) to the normal environment of salamanders (2). Result: in the second generation salamanders (1) produced quantities of gilled offspring who began life in the water. Similarly salamanders (2), if transferred to the normal conditions of salamanders (1), produced offspring who began to behave like those of salamanders (1), each successive generation inheriting more of the salamander (1) characteristics of their parents, and becoming increasingly like salamanders (1) and less like salamanders (2). Salamanders (2) when placed in black walled cages contracted the area of their yellow spots and produced offspring who, beginning life with spots of the size possessed by their parents, grew in course of time entirely black. In other words, the offspring not only inherit the characteristics acquired by the parents, but, inheriting them at the stage of development at which the parents, so to speak, left them, proceed to develop them a stage further on their own account.

Dr. Kammerer made similar experiments on toads, of which the results bear out the conclusions arrived at from a consideration of the salamanders; and these results have been paralleled by Dr. Durkhen, of Breslau, who has experimented with the color of the pupæ of white butterflies. Dr. Kammerer's salamanders were brought to England in 1923, appeared in the flesh to many eminent biologists, and convinced all but the most obstinate.

Since his departure, however, many who believed in his presence have relapsed into professional skepticism, and will wish to write letters of disbelief to the *Spectator* to say so.

Finally Dr. Kammerer, by suitably changing its environment, has induced the blind cave-newt *Proteus* to develop an eye in one generation.

What is the bearing of these experiments upon the time-honored controversies upon which I have briefly touched? It seems to be clear:—

1. That Weismann's germ-cell theory is wrong, and that organisms are affected by what happens to their parents.

2. That, therefore, *some* characteristics acquired by parents can be and are transmitted to offspring.

3. That the offspring inherit the characteristic at the stage at which the parent left it and carry it a stage further.

4. That, therefore, Samuel Butler was right in his controversy with Darwin and Weismann, evolution being progressive, and each generation, provided the environment remains substantially unchanged, raising itself upon the shoulders of those which have preceded it.

5. That it is impossible to predict what characteristic an offspring will develop in a new environment, and that there is, therefore, no reason to suppose that the offspring of a Russian Jew who is born in America will behave either like a Russian or like a Jew.

6. That, therefore, in a very real sense human nature can fundamentally change, and war is not, therefore, ineradicable.

7. That nevertheless eugenics in the sense of the purposive breeding of desired types is for all practical purposes impossible, owing to the haphazard selection of those genes which go to form any particular offspring.

ART IN AMERICA A CENTURY AGO¹

BY WILLIAM ROBERTS

It is not easy to-day to realize the general conditions, the manners and customs, of the United States a century ago. It is not that there is an absence of contemporary printed records; these are in fact extremely voluminous, mostly written by British visitors, and in nearly every case the object of violent and acrimonious protest from the Americans of the time. A century ago the United States was in the early stages of a kind of evolution that differed from any sort of evolution that had ever taken place in any other country. The inhabitants were for the most part British in tradition and instinct, but the 'little differences' that led to the Revolution in the late eighteenth century, and the war of 1812, left the Americans with very little love for the mother country. It was, therefore, particularly exasperating to be visited by their own cousins and to be held up to be criticized by them. Their sensitiveness to criticism amounted almost to an obsession. No traveler, with the best intentions in the world, could say the right thing, or could say it in the right way, and it must be admitted that a good many travelers just set down what they considered plain, unvarnished truths, and let them go at that.

A century ago these frank books of travels in the United States had the American at a disadvantage; there were few literary men in the States who could take up the cudgels, and the defense

fell largely on the newspapers. Journalism, like other things in the States, was in its immature stage of existence, and the newspaper man was on the constant lookout for something with which to feed the prejudices of the public. The *New York Herald* — long 'the disgrace and the curse of the country . . . entirely owned and conducted by foreigners' — did not appear until 1835, but it had many early prototypes. The American suffered not only from the stranger within his gates, but also from the heavy artillery of the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly* reviews, which were long anti-American, and often scandalously so.

The stupidity of this anti-American policy was keenly felt in Great Britain by those who realized, not only that the Americans were of the same origin as ourselves, but that the mere force of circumstances would one day place the United States among the great nations of the earth. *Blackwood's Magazine*, in the person of Christopher North, was one of the earliest of British literary organs to realize the senselessness of the very general anti-American feeling in this country. In *Blackwood*, of which he was editor, of December 1824 he printed, under the title of 'A Summary View of America,' an extremely long article of thirty-five pages that was in effect a running commentary on a book of that title recently issued in London. The article is signed with initials only, A. C., and the personality of the writer was unknown even to the editor. The bona fides of the writer were,

¹ From the *National Review* (London Tory monthly), February

however, good enough for Christopher North, and the article throughout bears evidence of intimate knowledge of the United States so far as it was then civilized. Christopher himself, in a preliminary note, declared that this review 'contains more new facts, more new reasonings, more new speculations of and concerning the United States of America, than have as yet appeared in any ten books (by themselves, books) upon that subject'; and 'we fully participate' in the writer's feelings 'as to the folly and knavery of every writer, English or American, who libels either of these countries for the amusement of the other.'

The only one of the many phases dealt with in the article that concerns us just now is that on 'The Fine Arts.' At the time, it seems, there were three regular annual art exhibitions throughout the whole of the United States, one at Philadelphia, one at Baltimore, 'and one, we believe, at New York.' The best painters were being starved out, 'and the architects are starved out already.' Two anecdotes are related about T. Sully, English born, but one of the best painters in America, — 'all America,' says the writer, 'is boasting of Mr. Sully,' — who was very scurvily treated, first by the governors of a church at Philadelphia, and secondly by 'a couple of high rank and fashion' in that same city. 'Gracious God!' exclaims the writer. 'Is genius to be so profanely trifled with as this — in America? If so, alas for the fine arts! Mr. Rembrandt Peale is another example. His "Roman Daughter" was a great picture. Yet he, too, is literally starving — or would be but for his friends.'

In the August number of *Blackwood* for the same year there is a very interesting general review of the state of the fine arts in North America, signed A. B., concerning whose identity

Messrs. Blackwood to-day are unable to furnish any clue, 'as the early records of the magazine are very fragmentary and contain no reference to this article or its writer.' There can, however, be no doubt that the A. B. of *Blackwood* is identical with the A. B. C. who wrote two still more remarkable articles on the subject of American artists in the *New Monthly Magazine* of July and August 1826, for he expressly claims, on page 150 of his second article, to have written the *Blackwood* paper. These three papers form a very valuable chapter in the early history of art in America, and would be worth reprinting in any comprehensive history of that subject. They are not referred to in Mr. Frank H. Chase's *Bibliography of American Art and Artists before 1835*, printed as an Appendix to the 1918 edition of William Dunlap's comprehensive if discursive *History of the Rise and Progress of the Arts and Design in the United States*, originally issued in 1834.

It will be convenient to consider the three articles together, first pointing out, however, that in the *Blackwood* article the writer described the fine arts generally as 'neglected by the Americans' except in the department of painting: 'In this the Americans have made a surprising proficiency; surprising, not only by comparison with what they have done in every other department; but surprising (if we consider their numbers, infancy, and want of encouragement) when compared with what we ourselves have done, or any other people, during the same period. But then, the most celebrated of these American painters have been educated in this country [England]; and some of them have been born here.' But whether born in England or in America, these artists were in any case British-born subjects, and several of them — West, Copley, and Gilbert Stuart, for instance — were living in

England at the outbreak of hostilities, and remained here until the declaration of peace.

The writer's instinct in art matters is quite remarkable, and far in advance of his time. In most cases his judgment is as true to-day as it was a hundred years ago. He does not overpraise John Singleton Copley, and claims that, while he left 'a few very good, firm, sober, substantial portraits' behind him in Massachusetts, — he was born in Boston, — his 'capital pictures' were the outcome of his residence in England. Benjamin West, — born in Springfield, Pennsylvania, — who succeeded Sir Joshua Reynolds as President of the Royal Academy, and who was patronized by George III for forty years, was 'not a great painter': 'his drawings were enough to immortalize anybody, they were full of thought, and full of power, and built of truth, but his paintings were very bad.' West is charged with having stolen figures from Domenichino and from Raphael's cartoons, and it is asserted that, while he had magnificent ideas, he never knew how to express them with color. The writer claimed to have seen every good picture that West painted, but confessed that he would rather have his drawings of 'Death on the Pale Horse' and 'Moses Smiting the Rock' than 'all his pictures together.'

As to who was the greatest of the American painters in 1826, the writer seems to hesitate between two: Gilbert Stuart — which he spells Stewart — and Thomas Sully. There would be no hesitation in the matter to-day, for undoubtedly Stuart stands head and shoulders above all the others; he had his limitations, but he had his own style, followed no one, and had no followers. His English portraits, said one of his recent critics, might have been painted by Gainsborough and Romney, and, we may add, particularly Hoppner, but

his American portraits could only have been painted by Stuart. Monographs on both Stuart and Sully have appeared in recent times, — and one on an 'heroic' scale is in preparation on Stuart, — and that on Sully places over twenty-six hundred portraits and subject-paintings to his credit. Stuart died in 1828 at the age of seventy-three, and Sully in 1872, nearly ninety years of age. Our author tells us in 1826 that Stuart is 'an old man: but, old as he is, take him altogether, he has no superior among the portrait-painters of our age.' Thomas Sully is, not inaptly, described as 'the Sir Thomas Lawrence of America,' and especially was he considered 'a very beautiful painter of women.'

The reputations of both Stuart and Sully have increased with the advancing years, and as much as ten thousand pounds is not a high price to-day for a fine portrait by Gilbert Stuart. In some cases the judgments of 1826 have not been entirely endorsed by posterity, and with this the change in tastes for pictures has something to do. John Trumbull, who, like Stuart, studied under Benjamin West, was primarily an historical painter after the manner of West, and these pictures do not create great excitement to-day. His portraits, we are told, 'are good — very good, but rather old-fashioned, rather late in the day, not showy enough to please the shopkeeping spirit of our age, nor the milliners, who, to judge by what I see, must be the chief patrons of the art with you.'

Washington Allston, a native of South Carolina, and accomplished in many ways, — he wrote poems and a novel, — is another artist who has receded into the background. Our author devoted more space to him than to any other. His historical and scriptural pictures were highly esteemed in his own day and for long after his death: 'He is

regarded with you, and, of course, here in America, as one of the best painters alive'; and, again: 'I consider Allston one of the greatest living painters. I know of no other artist who combines so many great qualities. It is difficult to say where we should bestow the greatest praise after considering a picture of his — you are in doubt which is the most excellent, the drawing, the character, the effect, the tone, or the color.' The most recent verdict, and that by an American critic, is that Allston 'was an aspiration rather than a consummation,' and that 'his art had too little basis in nature and too little skill in representation.'

In the second of his two letters — August 1826 — on painters and painting in America, our anonymous critic passes judgment on some of the other painters. John Wesley Jarvis is one of these — an Englishman by birth, who developed from coach-painting into portrait-painting. After some amusing professional anecdotes concerning Jarvis, he is declared 'a chief among portrait-painters.' Dunlap, the historian of American art, describes him as an artist of astonishing powers, but 'unfortunately of the most depraved habits.' He is to-day an 'unboomed' American artist, possibly because really fine examples of his portraiture are extremely rare.

The Peales, one of the most remarkable families of painters in the history of art in America or elsewhere, are dealt with briefly in a single paragraph. Charles Wilson Peale, 'old Mr. Peale,' the founder of the Philadelphia Museum, was a saddler by trade, but took up painting and studied under West and Copley. There were 'five or six Peales here, every one of whom is an artist in some way or other.' 'Old Mr. Peale' is described as 'one of the best men that God ever made, though he *will* paint portraits with a chisel, and marry

a fifth or sixth wife every few years, and outlive all the rest of the world.' He was fortunate in having in 1772 painted the first important portrait of Washington, and many of the distinguished officers in the Revolutionary War sat to him.

The greatest of all the Peales was C. W. Peale's son, Rembrandt Peale, who is described as 'remarkable for the dignity and sublimity of his heads . . . and for qualities which, at some period or other, must make his country proud of him.' Rembrandt Peale, like his father, obtained a good deal of publicity from his Washington portraits, of which the number is legion, some of which, again like those of his father, fetch very high prices when they occur for sale. Charles R. Leslie, the friend and biographer of Constable, and Gilbert Stuart Newton, — nephew of Gilbert Stuart, — whose portrait of Sir Walter Scott 'is one of the best things of our age,' are both dealt with, but their art was English rather than American, and need not detain us.

Some of the other artists dealt with by A. B. C. are familiar only to those who have made a special study of American painting. John Vanderlyn, who was born in America and studied in France, is described as 'a noble artist in the historical department: half spoilt by the French school, in which he studied some years ago and acquired a considerable reputation'; his portraits — he painted Madison, Monroe, Washington, Calhoun, and Jackson — are now keenly sought after by American museums and collectors, as are also those of S. F. B. Morse, a pupil of West, who died full of honors and rewards — not, however, because of his paintings, but because in 1832 he conceived the idea of a 'magnetic telegraph.' Curiously enough, it was another American painter, Robert Fulton, also a pupil of Benjamin West, whose fame rests, not on his pictures,

but on his having invented the steam-boat.

A. B. C. tells some interesting anecdotes concerning Robert Sully, a nephew of the more famous Thomas Sully, and William E. West, a Kentucky man unrelated to Benjamin West, P.R.A., who acquired a 'snug fortune by making portraits in America.' There is not a line about W. E. West in Bryan's *Dictionary*, though A. B. C. declares that he executed the best portrait of Lord Byron which was 'ever painted or made,' and for which he refused six hundred guineas in Paris.

Chester Harding and a certain Bowman are also dealt with by A.B.C. The former, we gather from another source, achieved enough celebrity as a portrait-painter in Boston to be the subject of what was called 'the Harding craze.' A.B.C. describes him as 'a most powerful head-maker, distinguished for solidity and great resemblance in his portraits. He has improved wonderfully by his trip to London, and will be sure to improve with every trial of his art.' In his earlier article in *Blackwood* of August 1824 the same writer gave a good many details of Chester Harding that do not appear in his later paper. To Bowman, who does not figure in any of the art dictionaries, and to whom the editors of the new edition of Dunlap's *History* devote only two or three indefinite lines, A. B. C. gives a very interesting page. He describes him as 'another head-maker [that is, a painter of head-and-shoulder portraits] of great industry and much cleverness,' and mentions a portrait by him, at Mr. Pettigrew's, of Thomas Taylor the Platonist 'which had the look of an old master' — a portrait which seems to have got lost. Hurried mention is also made of a few stars: Mr. Ingham 'from Ireland,' Dunlap, Charles Frazer, Wall, a landscape-painter in water colors, Neagle, Eickholtz, 'a tin man who

makes heads in a superior way,' Otis, Jane Stuart, King, and Inman. 'Enough. I could mention to you some five or six hundred portrait-painters of America; but I forbear.'

It will be gathered from these interesting and unconventional papers of a century ago that if portrait-painting, and the many phases of art, were badly paid, and if its professors were on the verge of starvation, they were at all events starving in goodly numbers and in a good cause. That the portrait-painters were badly paid, and that their sitters were difficult to deal with and exacting in their requirements, there can be no possible doubt; for many of those who sat for their portraits were men and women who had made money with very little aid from education — circumstances and conditions not peculiar to the United States.

In none of these articles of a century ago is there any suggestion of art-collecting in the United States — of the formation of public or private collections of pictures and other objects of art. There were, indeed, two or three private museums, such as that of Charles Wilson Peale at Philadelphia, but these were mostly nondescript gatherings of odds and ends such as were many of our early museums in London. The art-collector, as we know him to-day, apparently did not come into existence until the century was fairly well advanced. We get an early glimpse of him in G. P. Putnam's *American Facts*, 1845, a very interesting book by an accomplished American publisher. From this source we learn that, 'although there are no very extensive public and private galleries of art in the United States, a large number of separate works will be found scattered in various parts of the country, the aggregate of which would tell much for the growing taste of the public.'

The collection — and one wonders

what has become of it — of Robert Gilmore of Baltimore was one of the largest and most valuable in the country; he had 'undoubted' specimens by Dutch, Flemish, and English masters. Dr. Hosack, Luman Reed, and many other New York merchant princes, notably James Lenox, to whom there is an imperishable monument in the form of a library and art gallery in New York, and E. L. Carey, the Philadelphia publisher, are noticed as being among the patrons of art, and, to

their credit be it added, they were all patrons of native artists.

The origin and development of art-collecting in the United States would form a very fascinating study, and it may be said that no other country in the world has ever made such rapid progress, and that no country has ever seemed so far as did the United States a century ago from possessing the magnificent public and private art-galleries and museums of which it is to-day so justly proud.

TO AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY POET

BY SIGMA SASHŪN

[*New Statesman*]

OLD friend (for such you have lately grown to be
Since your tranquillities have tuned with mine),
Sitting alone, your poems on my knee,
In hours of contemplative candleshine,
I sometimes think your ghost revisits me
And lives upon my lips from line to line.

Dead though you are, the quiet-toned persistence
Of what you tell me with your sober skill
Reminds me how terrestrial existence
Plays tricks with death, and, unextinguished still,
Turns home in loveliest hauntings from the distance
Of antiquated years and works its will.

This is the power, the privilege, the pride
And rich morality of those who write
That hearts may be their highway. They shall ride
Conquering uncharted countries with the bright
Rewards of what they wrought in living light. . . .
Who then shall dare to say that they have died?

MY SCHOOLDAYS¹

BY SANTIAGO RUSSINYOL

WHAT happens to memories in one's head is very much like what happens to wine in a cask. As the years slip by, most of them evaporate imperceptibly and escape like a fine vapor through the apertures of the senses. The memories that remain at the bottom of one's mind, however, are the sweetest ones and those that keep most of their strength. Whenever a man takes the time to reopen the album of his memories, it is always the first few pages that he reads over with the greatest pleasure. The frontispiece to the history of our lives seems to us so beautiful because it seems so far away. It seems bluer, more transparent, more softened with mists and subdued colors. Every time we take down a volume from that shelf we find it is one of the first volumes that we choose. How carefully we dust it off to keep it as long as possible!

At first we can detect nothing over there, at the back of our memory, but a few shadowy facts, a few indistinct faces of people we once knew for a day or two in passing, a few indefinable silhouettes and a confused mass of formless and colorless objects. A little later some of them begin to assume clearer outlines and sharper relief. These facts — those at the bottom of the cask — are the ones we preserve with the most loving solicitude. In this category we include our school-room memories. How many wretched hours we spent there, and how gladly

we would go back now if we were not too grown-up!

The entrance to our school was a superb and enormous gateway, one of those vast gateways of the Barra de Ferro Street, which has such countless numbers of them. It was so wide that the carriages passing through the street could drive up into it when they wanted to turn round, so large that bundles of cotton and casks of chemical products were deposited in its shadow. In the Rue de Moncada itself there was no gateway like it.

We used to pass among these things terrified lest they should tumble down on us, and when we issued from the gateway we came upon a little staircase as black and damp and narrow as that of a dungeon. As we ascended it we could smell all the mustiness that rose from the adjacent kitchens and the odor of frying things that came up from a roofed-over court with a view on a deep and gloomy well-hole like the throat of a wolf.

In the school itself a great many little bells rang at the doors, and shouting our hallos to one another we took our places at the benches. This was our morning classroom and our afternoon classroom too, for we had no other. It was decorated with a painted border running round it, which did not correspond on both sides, for the partition had been knocked out between what had been two rooms. The room did not open on any street or get any illumination except through a skylight littered with the refuse that had fallen upon

¹ From the *Revue Bleue* (Paris literary and political semimonthly), March 6

it from the neighboring apartments. If you looked up at it you could see the outlines of such things as an old dress, a paper kite, a child's plaything, a switch of false hair—for there were people whom we never saw in those lodgings, who must have lost their wigs.

On our arrival Mr. Joachim, whom we called Quim, was perched upon a rostrum and yawning over the *Brusi*, that is to say the 'Daily,' muttering words half aloud as he did so.

Mr. Quim was—well, a schoolmaster like all the rest, and as unfortunate as his confrères. He was past his prime and had lost almost all his hair and practically all his teeth. Those that still remained protruded from his gums almost to the ends of their roots and seemed to stay in only out of indolence or from force of habit. I remember his clothes only in a confused way, for they were of a very suspicious black, a mourning-black with the kind of shine that lends no glamour to the man who wears it—the faded black of cloth that has been dyed more than once and has thus lost its firmness. Yes, they were the kind of correct and prudent clothes that give as much pain to those who look at them as to those who wear them; and poor Mr. Quim wore shabby low shoes that were always well polished and newly half-soled.

Such was the physical appearance of our schoolmaster. As for his ideas, Mr. Quim clung to the old system of instruction. He was a stern man who believed in using the birch. And yet what a benevolent soul he had in his worn-out, awkward body! He used to threaten us with a great many blows of his ruler and actually give us very few. The boy who happened to be his victim would cry out with affected pain, and the good fellow would postpone the rest of the punishment to the

next day. We suspected that his heart was better than his garments. We used to groan even before he struck us. As a result, he would sometimes desist before he had begun and make us get down on our knees so that our trousers would pay for our misdeeds. There were days during the change between seasons when, even before the class had begun, we were all down on our knees, and, as it was only a few moments before we all had our hands on the floor, our class, when the three traditional blows of the ruler struck the desk, looked like a class of young sheep.

Bang, bang, bang! 'Enlighten, O Lord, our understanding and our will in order that what we learn (what we ought to learn, at any rate) will be to our spiritual and temporal profit. Amen,' Mr. Quim would say, turning his head. 'And now we shall see who knows his lesson.'

A great silence would then fall upon us—a strange, almost sacramental silence. No one would answer. We needed only to be questioned in that school for all of us to fall silent. Our chatter was always spontaneous, and was not to be disturbed by indiscreet questions about things that none of us took any pleasure in learning.

I do not remember that Mr. Quim was ever satisfied. Of all the thirty figures kneeling in penance, never was a single voice raised to answer: 'Here I am, Mr. Quim. Don't be afraid to ask me; I'll tell you nothing but the truth.'

He had to teach us things he did not understand very well himself, and explain them to us in Castilian, which made it still harder for him. Fleury's *Sacred History* must have given him terrific headaches. In the midst of a digression on the Pharaohs or the passage of the Red Sea, Mr. Quim's wife would come in and ask him in a low voice whether he wanted pea soup or vermicelli; whereupon Mr. Quim

would have to leap from the Red Sea to his soup, and we would profit by the interruption to throw ink about, to shoot spit-balls, and to scuffle with one another until the benches shook.

Fleury did not amount to much, anyway; the use of it was adapted to the occasion. The blackboard was our real nightmare. It seems to me I can still see it: a broad board high enough for three pupils to work at it together when they were making additions — a blackboard as dark and gleaming as Mr. Quim's boots. We attacked it vigorously with our chalk, which we first softened with our breath so that it would make a wider mark. We rubbed hard with it as we wrote, because by collecting the powder in a paper cone we could later blow it at one another. As we 'ciphered' we always managed to forget some numbers in the sums or the remainder, and those lost numbers we habitually sought up above on the ceiling, the beams, or the skylight, among the confused rags and pieces of moth-eaten wigs.

Once I was sent to the board to do a difficult addition problem and succeeded in solving it without any errors. Mr. Quim, only half satisfied, but genuinely touched, said to me: 'My boy, you'll be a business man.' I got down from the little bench red with confusion — whether because of the encouragement, which of course I loved, or because I knew that it was written that from then on whenever the problems did not come out right I should have to check them up at the board and see that they did.

At noon the bell sounded and we all filed out to lunch. During the afternoon our studies went on. At six o'clock, when we went down the stairway, we left Mr. Quim at work on the sheets of legal paper that helped him to eke out a living — for he too found

that the sums did not always come out right.

I remember that passing Sainte-Marie-de-la-Mer we ran along the high dark walls of the church adding our shouts to the twitterings of the swallows and the strokes of the clock; then, like a flock of sparrows, we crossed the Born quarter and ran to the fortification, which in my day had all fallen to pieces and was mossy and covered with hard pebbles. What fun it was to go there and play with the stones! I may confess that I was never one of the most courageous, but I used to run about like the rest, do battle, give blows and take them, for that was one of the customs of our college and I had to conform to it so as not to pass for a coward. I even played hooky on one occasion in order to play battle, and as a result my parents, when they heard about it, put their heads together anxiously. Then they went and talked it over with Mr. Quim in his office, where I could see their serious countenances, their wrinkled foreheads, and their severe looks. The outcome of it was that I was taken as a half-boarding pupil and subjected to additional discipline.

Mr. Quim could not get over this at first. He was completely baffled, and had the air of suspecting even more than was true. Finally he came back to his senses, and, setting a new place at the table, said: 'He will be one of our family.' I was put between his wife and a daughter about twenty years old who was in bad health. Thus I became a kind of extra member of the family in that dreaded household. With what an appetite I ate! — to the great despair of Mr. Quim, who must have been afraid he could never stop me.

I can still remember the alphabet soup, — which was given me more for my instruction than for my nourishment, and which consisted of a kind of

broth for invalids, though most of us who swallowed it were well enough, — followed by a piece of boiled meat mixed with some formless and tasteless aliments. During the whole lunch I did not breathe a word, for the conversation was carried on in Spanish and I was so intimidated by that that I remained silent even through the dessert.

Aside from that, Mr. Quim was quite right — I was treated as one of the family. He and his wife did not refrain from speaking their whole minds to each other while I was there. Mr. Quim's wife would look at him with so much condescension and speak to him with so much scorn in vulgar Catalan that frequently the master himself refused to take any dessert and got up from the table and ran away, grumbling dispiritedly. On the afternoons of such days he used to carry out his threats of punishment, and the ruler-blows would rain like hail. I of course knew the reason for it, being an intimate of the establishment.

I used to be sent on confidential errands, and had entry to the kitchen. Once a month I used to help in making the ink, an ink manufactured with balls of dried cypress, that kind of domestic cypress which produces a bluish sort of ink scarcely visible on note paper but intensely black on the face and incredibly tenacious when applied to clothes.

Finally the examinations drew near and I had to prepare for them. What feverish activity there was in that house when the date of the solemn event had been fixed! What a stir of industry during the week that preceded! And when the great day had come, in addition to the day pupils — their hands spotless of ink, their hair freshly cut, and the toes of their shoes shining brightly — there were all our relatives about us in Sunday clothes, waiting

quietly and severely for our intelligent answers.

The prizes consisted of cups of chocolate with cake for the excellent answers, tarts without sugar for the good ones, and little plain rolls for the passable ones, so that everyone on that occasion might be able to feast in proportion to his personal talent.

As soon as the examination had begun, the master's questions fell thick and fast, and the answers were given with more timidity than boldness. For a long time the discussion ran on history, with much reference to Gothic kings and others, whom we assassinated according to the situation; then we followed the lines of enormous rivers, and spoke of great capitals—demonstrating that if we scarcely knew how to read we could at least recognize printed letters. As we did so we could see the little rolls coming our way at every bad answer, and could practically taste the sugar cakes themselves whenever we answered correctly and promptly.

When my turn came I went to the blackboard. What an ordeal it was! In front of those good people, those burgesses of the neighborhood who had earned their living in the sweat of their brow and, though they figured up their accounts every evening, knew how to reckon only with their fingers — it was a really heroic undertaking to manipulate the numbers under their eyes.

Courage is the elder brother of ignorance. Using the tune with which Mr. Quim had taught us to count, I found that the music brought the numbers to my ear as if they were arithmetical verses, and with a great deal of chalk and still more patience I succeeded in producing additions and divisions so skillfully that in the midst of the applause the master said again in Spanish: 'That boy will be a good business man!'

Of course I got a sugar cake, and you can imagine the zest with which I gulped it down. Even to-day, it seems to me, I can still smell the perfume of those laurels—symbolical as they were!—in the cup of chocolate, and I can still think with pleasure of the sugar cake that was the natural flower of those unembittered games.

Time wore on. Mr. Quim, urged on by his wife,—who talked constantly about it at the table,—brought about some reforms in the school. He sent out prospectuses offering lessons in drawing, singing, penmanship, and the piano. His ambition went so far as to make us wear a uniform cap. For a few months our fathers and mothers ran up and down the staircase with the prospectuses and their children, and things went swimmingly. Mr. Quim ate his dessert at the table, his wife was at last silent, and even his sickly daughter seemed to revive a little, like a sparrow who sees a bit of soaked bread and opens his beak for it. For piano lessons our master accumulated eight pupils. As I too was signed up for them, his key was given to me in a kind of confidence. I took so much pride in this that I could not bring myself to hold my tongue. It was stronger than I. No one could have induced me to be silent, either by prayers or by two hours of punishment writing out the verb 'to speak.'

Our piano teacher was a stern man. He used to put my hands in position over the keys—hands as stiff as if they had been made entirely of bone—and with blows of his ruler across my fingers he would make me run over the keyboard from one end to the other, ascending the scales and descending them again, observing all the sharps, and especially the flats. I always finished these scales with wrists and elbows so wearied that my

arms felt as if they had gone through forty hours of exercise. He used to say that music could be learned only by dint of tiring out other people and one's self as well. He made us endure physical torments that might easily have injured our health. As a result, at the end of three months there were only two of us left at this pianistic drudgery.

The only amusement we got out of that terrible instrument was when the master had to tune it. What a pleasure it was to see the metallic cords struck by the hammers with little pads of felt, moving and striking with so delicate and soft a touch! Fortunately this poor piano was so old and its fibres had suffered so many attacks that at almost every other moment its sluggish nerves had to be toned up.

It was not only the piano that complained. Mr. Quim complained also, with a different voice from the piano's, but with quite as much justice. At the end of four months there were only three of us—the piano, the piano teacher, and I, all three bored to death and worn out.

One day, after a series of blows that might have dislocated my finger-joints had been introduced into an exercise, the master warned me never to think of the piano again, for he was certain that I had no talent for it. Perhaps some day,—who could tell?—with special lessons, I might acquire the gift of the pianist; it would be revealed to me by metaphysical means, he said, but he did not undertake to explain exactly how. That very day I gave up my key, and in the evening the instrument was carried away wrapped up as in a shroud. The days that followed were dark enough, but how quiet they were after all!

My memory has retained only a scrap of a waltz-tune from those lessons.

I do not know the name of the waltz, and I suppose I am the only man in the world who loves it. Every time I play it I can see those childhood years in my imagination, and every note brings to me the echo of another very distant note that reminds me of so many tender things that the tears come into my eyes; and if the piano I am playing is out of tune, so much the better — it reminds me all the more sharply of Mr. Quim's piano.

Poor Mr. Quim! Infected air came in through that great gateway of his. I remember vaguely a day when I had to run to the apothecary's and have my lunch alone. There were doctors coming in and going out, and I was told that his daughter was dying and I must speak softly. I remember that I was treated with more severity than usual, that the house took on an atmosphere of sickness, and that even the broth became thinner. I remember also that one evening, while I was idly writing, 'I speak, thou speakest, he speaks,' and Mr. Quim was as usual copying his legal documents, only more feverishly than ever, he came over to me finally and said that instead of copying out that verb, which would do me no good at all, it would be much better for me to copy papers like his as punishment, for at least they would do me some good in business. So I set to work copying lines, words, and dates which of course meant nothing to me then, but which I now understand perfectly well.

I remember that one morning I was told that his daughter was dead and

that I was not to go to school until the next day. When we came back to the building we all saw the coffin borne away as if it were another piano, and heard a few stifled sobs. Then, as school let out early, I can still remember that we had more time to play battle at the fortifications, in complete forgetfulness of Mr. Quim's grief.

I do not remember anything about leaving school. About that period the scene is full of shadows, and I feel the approach of a long polar night that had no end. I only know that I felt a need for air, for air and light, and that the walls seemed to stifle me, the ceiling to press upon me, and everything to fall down somehow like a weight that I could not sustain.

A good many years later I met the master one day, accompanying some children to the school. He seemed just the same as ever, with the same rusty coat and the same protruding teeth. He looked at me without recognizing me, but I went up to him, and he was amazed to see how I had grown.

'Why, it's you,' he said to me. 'What a good business-man you must be now!'

'Well, you see,' I said to him, somewhat embarrassed, 'just at the moment I'm painting pictures.'

'Painting pictures? What sort of business is that?'

'A bad business, Mr. Quim. It's a trade that brings in very little. You get plain rolls much oftener than sugar cakes.'

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

OBERAMMERGAU IN DISTRESS

THERE has always been a singularly authoritative appeal to the imagination in the spectacle of the Bavarian villagers who for nearly three centuries have commemorated their escape from a plague by the performance of the most elaborate 'Miracle Play' in the history of the drama. If the economic distress that the inhabitants of Oberammergau are suffering at the moment is no sharper in degree than that of most Central Europeans, it is impossible not to feel that their rather special economic situation makes it peculiarly poignant. Recently the daughter of Anton Lang — for three decades the interpreter of Christ in the *Passionspiel* — and the daughter of Guido Mayr — the latest Judas — have been in London, and a representative of the *Morning Post* records a pathetic conversation with them.

'They told,' he says, 'in their stilted English phrases, of the lack of food, of the lack of money, of the lack of work, in the little Bavarian village. Both are now residing in this country. But they are to return, for they are now regarded as likely to fill, when the Passion Play is given again in 1930, the respective rôles of the Virgin Mary and Mary Magdalene. The girls pleaded, with quiet voices, the cause of the two thousand men, women, and children of Oberammergau. Yet, if Oberammergau is reduced to poverty, it has not descended to beggarliness. There is no appeal to charity. For centuries the villagers have lived by their carving and their pottery, with the aid of the

money spent among the *pensions* by summer and winter visitors, and with the assistance of money left over after the expenses of the Passion Play have been met. But the latest production, in 1922, was not a financial success.

'The highest charge for admission was ten marks. There were those who foresaw that, with the depreciating exchange, the receipts would barely cover expenses. Representations were made to the Town Council to alter the charges, but the Council answered: "Let it not be said that the *Passionspiel* is a financial venture." The prices remained unaltered — and, as Fräulein Lang said, her father received for all his time and efforts "barely enough to buy a pair of shoes." The succeeding winter is not one that Oberammergau cares to remember.

'By the summer of 1923 it was plain that international interest in the Oberammergau products must be stimulated. A delegation was appointed to go to the United States, taking with it samples of the carved religious emblems, the plaques, and the pictures. The exhibits were displayed in the main cities of the United States, and drew regularly a flood of orders sufficient to keep the industrious workers of the village busy for a year ahead. But by last autumn the demand had failed. The one hope left was for a winter of snows so that winter sports might be possible and a large contingent of visitors be attracted. That hope died as the snow melted. There have been bitterly cold spells, with the snow thick and deep,

but before the sports could be arranged the blend of sunshine and muggy days of rain had swept it away.

'To-day, because of these things, Anton Lang, the potter, has dismissed his assistants, and works, a lonely figure in his lonely shop, casting the plaques that no one seeks. Until recently Fräulein Clara, the daughter of the latest portrayer of Judas, sat silent in her home, carving the head of Christ with its crown of thorns. The art is inbred in her. Her work is delicate and mystic, like that of her father. But in a mundane world the products of the minds and the hands of Oberammergau appeared to have little intrinsic value. Anton Lang, said his daughter, will not play the rôle of Christ in the Passion Play again. He is over fifty. Whether Guido Mayr will take again the part of Judas is for the Council to decide. The play will not be produced again until 1930 — three years before the third centenary of the first production.'

*

A DISCOVERY AT POMPEII

THE Rome *Tribuna* reports an almost sensational discovery at Pompeii, during the excavation work at present being carried out in the Via dell' Abbondanza. 'In the atrium of a Pompeian mansion there has come to light, in almost perfect condition, a life-size bronze statue of a youth, which, as the earth was dug away from it, emerged standing upright on its circular bronze base. In the neighborhood of the statue were found two arms of a candelabrum that evidently belonged to it. The statue probably was intended to stand in the atrium and serve in its lighting. Some restoration work has been necessary, especially on the legs, which were slightly damaged by the pressure of cinders, but the gold-work is still in its original splendor.

'The figure of the youth is shown in a posture of almost boyish grace, in harmony with the timid gesture of the arm extended in some offertory act. There is every reason to suppose that it is a Greek work of the Phidian period, and very possibly it is a representation of Pantarces, the Greek youth of extraordinary beauty whom tradition records as the victor in the competition of youth in the year 436 B.C. The flawless beauty of its form, its supple muscular pose, and its air of offering dignified thanks, appear to uphold this supposition. The sculpture will probably be assigned a conspicuous position in the museum at Naples.'

Mr. H. B. Walters, keeper of the Greek and Roman department in the British Museum, stated to a representative of the *Morning Post* that the piece could hardly be assigned to Phidias himself, since he never worked in bronze; and as there is no relation between its style and that of the Elgin marbles, it is unlikely that it belongs to his school. Mr. Walters is inclined to see in it a likeness to the famous Idolino life-size bronze statue in Florence, usually assigned to the school of Polyclethus of the latter half of the fifth century B.C. Some details, however, suggest an earlier date, and 'one is disposed,' he says, 'to conclude that the statue is the work of an artist of a later period, such as the Augustan age, who deliberately or ignorantly combined the styles of two different periods.'

*

'NEW YORK AVENUE'

'PEOPLE are joking about "New York Avenue," because out of the seven theatres in Shaftesbury Avenue six are giving American pieces, and all of them successful,' says the London correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*. 'But that should not be taken to mean

that the American conquest of London's theatres is complete. The Shubert invasion has been a mere foray with a quick retreat, and it is quite an accident that the American plays have found themselves in the very street whose name happens to be used as a synonym for Theatre-land.

'Some American plays are partially rewritten for the English market, but it would have been impossible to do that with *Is Zat So?* and the courage with which New York slang has been offered undiluted to the English public has met with a reward that was hardly expected by the people who pretend to know most about what the public will pay for. Two of the American pieces that are doing well are about sport, and this subject, once a favorite of old English melodrama, has become a theme for light comedy from over the seas. There are more American pieces to come, as Mr. Basil Dean has returned with several in his pocket, and Mr. Eugene O'Neill's *Beyond the Horizon* is being staged at Hampstead.

'Meanwhile we are paying for our imports with exports. We take the play and send away the player. New York seems to be very eager to acquire and to retain our young English actors, who by making the trip can multiply their salaries by four while they multiply their expenses by only two. People are saying that it is becoming difficult to cast our plays as well as they should be cast because so many of our young men are being attracted to America.'



MEPHISTOPHELES IN DRESS CLOTHES

HAVING 'started something' most unmistakably in their 'knickerbocker' production of *Hamlet*, the Birmingham Players have announced their intention of doing a similar service for opera, with Gounod's *Faust* as the object of

their choice. 'As everyone knows, this is the most popular of all operas and has been performed more frequently than any other piece in operatic literature. It can therefore, perhaps, afford to be subjected to experimentation as some less well-known operas hardly could. But more than one opera-goer will ask himself whether evening clothes will improve Goethe — even in the modified form of Gounod's libretto.

'I cannot imagine,' says Dr. Arthur Eagelfield-Hull in *T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly*, 'that Gounod would part with the mediæval surroundings that add so greatly to the effect of his music. In the new version Mephistopheles will be a "debonair, top-hatted, immaculate roué, with a power of evil influence and an ability to be at hand at the psychological moment." Faust will be "a wearied bookworm, satiated with life, whose rejuvenation is expressed by new vigor and a shave." But from what class is Margaret to come? Is she to be a country rector's daughter from Devonshire, or merely brought up to town from Balham? In either case I imagine the famous "Jewel Song" will sound unreal.

'No; I am sure that Gounod would demand that his Mephistopheles wear his red tights, horns, and hoofs, and make his departures in the approved pantomime fashion through a trap-door with a final spurt of smoke and flame. Nor would he be likely to sacrifice Margaret's long flaxen plait for all the bobbing, shingling, and cropping that Bond Street can bestow.'



A NOVEL EXHIBITION

Not long ago Sir Joseph Duveen, the painter, made an appeal in the British press for the encouragement of modern and living artists, who, he said, are too generally allowed to suffer for the inter-

est of the artistic public in Old Masters and work of a previous generation. One of the answers made to his appeal was that picture-buyers were chilled by the unduly high prices put upon most contemporary work, and it is with this charge in mind that a new organization, named the 'I. 3. A. Club,' has arranged an exhibition of high art at low prices. Its president is no less a person than Sir John Lavery, and its vice-president Lord Dunraven.

At the Spring Gardens gallery from May 15 to May 29 an exhibition will be held at which the entries will be offered without reserve and the public allowed to estimate their value. Any visitor who wishes to purchase a particular picture will fill out a card with his name and a bid for it on the ground of what he considers its value, and when the exhibit is over each picture will be sent to the highest bidder without any public disclosure of its price. Exhibitors who care to do so, however, may have each bid as it is made posted on their works, and thus provide for a continuous but anonymous auction. No more than one work will be hung for each exhibitor.

BLAKE IN SAINT PAUL'S

IN anticipation of the centenary of Blake's death, which will fall in August, a number of his devotees in England have persuaded the Dean and Chapter of Saint Paul's Cathedral to give their consent to the erection of a Blake memorial. The eighteenth-century poet — who said, "Damn" braces; "bless" relaxes' — was sufficiently unorthodox in his religious persuasions, but that he was one of the greatest of the mystics, a truly 'God-intoxicated man,' no one is likely to deny. He was also a very great designer whose work has been increasingly prized since his own age. 'I think,'

said Mr. Laurence Binyon of the British Museum to a representative of the *Observer*, 'his influence is bound to increase, as the more materialistic the world becomes the more potent will be Blake's influence in inspiring reaction against materialism. I think he was the greatest imaginative artist' — in the stricter sense, certainly! — 'England has produced. If we are to have memorials to artists, it seems absurd that there should not be one to Blake.'



WELLS'S SECOND-LONGEST

LITERARY London has talked of nothing latterly so much as of Mr. Wells's latest and longest novel, which is about to appear and which will be the longest of all his works except the *Outline of History*. Rumor had it for a while that *The World of William Clissold* was to be disguised autobiography, but that has been flatly denied by both author and publisher. 'What we may expect,' says the *Observer*, 'is nothing less than an attempt to convey an impression of life as a whole. The author himself described it the other day in a letter to a friend as "an immense book about everything under the sun." . . . A bibliographical rarity will be a special edition in six volumes, limited to five hundred copies, signed by the author.'



SMALL-SCALE JOURNALISM

THE smallest periodical published in France, according to the *Literarische Welt*, is called *La Feuille de Choucary*, and its editor and publisher is the poet Choucary himself. It appears every three months in four octavo pages. Its contents are the poems of its editor-in-chief, and it can be subscribed to through any post-office. Unfortunately only one person has hitherto taken advantage of this opportunity, and he is a collector of curiosities.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

Rough Justice, by C. E. Montague. London: Chatto and Windus; Garden City: Doubleday, Page and Company. \$2.00.

[Arthur Waugh in the *Daily Telegraph*]

It is the simple truth that a new novel by Mr. C. E. Montague makes most of its competitors upon the bookstall look 'pretty poor stuff.' Not, of course, that it allows itself any concession to popular methods, or takes the easy way to a vast circulation. Quite the reverse. The Manchester school of prose — if we may use the expression — is neither glib nor familiar; it bears upon its crowded line the marks of the hammer and the graving tool; inevitably it must always be more acceptable to the fellow workman than to the casual customer. The material of the author's mind, in the same way, is remote from the common taste. It despises superficialities. It declines to be amused by the fatuities of the vulgar. It is steeped in a profound and passionate devotion to the best qualities in the national character, 'the sound England behind the flash mask,' the emblems of self-surrender and self-discipline that alone in those last years of trial 'have kept England from rotting.' An austere talent like Mr. Montague's invites a certain austerity in its admirers; it even requires a measure of indulgence, for its convictions may not always be the convictions of those who respect it most. But no one who values the high traditions of English fiction can ever doubt that this is a talent 'of the centre,' the zealously guarded gift of an artist who strives with every nerve in his body to see the life around him steadily and clearly, refusing to despair of the future even in the darkest hour of present confusion. There breathes throughout his work a valiant confidence in the holy spirit of man, a faith in man's eventual destiny, and a tender pity for the waste and wreckage of human effort. His is the big field of a big heart, the chivalrous and cheery call of a champion of the simple virtues.

Rough Justice, Mr. Montague's latest

novel, faces a problem that has been burning in the hearts of all thoughtful people for years past — the problem of the break-up of that England which the middle-aged inherited, fairly sound and whole, from their fathers half a century ago. There is no eluding the fact — the old, prosperous, easy-going England is no more. It is a common fashion to say that the war ended it; but the beginning of the end was much earlier than that. Our author takes us back a little over thirty years, to the days of 'Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay' and *The Yellow Book*, when youth was breaking out in all directions, and the safety bicycle had made woman free of the road. 'All old and worn-out things were being swept out of the way at a quite breathless pace'; and Auberon Garth was born into an atmosphere of oxygen and vitality. He was born into a goodly heritage as well. His father, — who had been a cabinet minister, and was acclaimed a future premier, until his perplexing persistency in seeing all sides of a situation destroyed his value as a party politician, — his father, the last of the old Conservatives, was lord of a Tudor chantry on a tidal reach of the Thames, and Auberon grew up with all the traditions of feudalism seething in his veins. His boyhood might, perhaps, have been lonely, but for his indomitable zest for life. For his mother died while he was still an infant, and the inveterate English restraint of their race choked in the utterance all attempted confidences between father and son. They were continually alive to a consuming desire to establish a closer relationship, but the habit of the race was too strong for them. So Auberon — or Bron, as he was called — was thrown back upon Molly, and she upon him, in a jolly, sexless, frank companionship. Molly was an orphan cousin, adopted by the Garths, three years older than Bron, and as true as steel. All day they shared their work and play together, tracked the herons, and unearthed the staves that Cæsar's soldiers had driven into the river-bed. Nature and

romance were their daily bread, and every night Bron would cry through the door to Molly, 'Goo' night! Fun to-morrow!' And, when to-morrow's sun came, it brought a new adventure. 'Tremendous!' cried Bron, as he raced across the lawn. It was the password of the chantry. Everything was 'tremendous,' and full of fun.

But the making of an Englishman means severance from home. 'A queer thing is the building up of decency.' First came the friends from round about: Colin March, who made fun of all their treasured tales; Claude Brabazon, who appropriated all their toys; and, above all, Victor Nevin, who 'sat there in his chair, putting his little smile on all the day nursery,' precociously clever, born to success, a little contemptuous of all who were less brilliant than himself. Bron was to learn from these, in different ways, and still more emphatically was he to learn at school, and at Oxford afterward, that an Englishman must not display his enthusiasm upon his sleeve; that, even if life is 'tremendous,' the wise man will not admit it; and that it is generally shameful to work, if one has the opportunity to play. By the time he had finished with Oxford, Bron had wasted most of his opportunities, unless to be a 'Rugger blue' be the summit of every man's desire. He had disappointed his father, and had allowed the brilliant Victor Nevin to carry off Molly into an ecstatic engagement. In fact, 'the education most highly reputed among the Englishry of Auberon's class had fairly completed its work on him.'

By this time also the reader will have perceived what is coming. The war is the inevitable sifter of the situation. If, moreover, the reader knows Mr. Montague's earlier books, *Disenchantment* and *Fiery Particles*, he will anticipate in advance the pity, the terror, and the lambent human sympathy which rise and fall, like flames of intense emotion, throughout the second half of this deeply moving and earnestly sincere story. 'The old England, the one that was still feudal at heart, had come to her deathbed at last. She died hard, the glorious old jade'; and the tale of her death was never more impressively told than here.

Of course, all the characters go to the Front, except old Garth, the father, and he

dies before the war is over, his heart broken, and the greater part of his fortune offered and accepted as a free gift for the war chest of his beloved native land. Victor and Auberon enlist as privates, and the process of their training, with all its inextricable mixture of squalor and good-fellowship, is followed in vivid detail. The fortunes of the regiment are alive with surprises, but it is perhaps no great surprise to find that Claude Brabazon, the highwayman of the nursery, is soon covered with ribbons and decorations, or that Colin March, who never took anything seriously, becomes master of 'a cushy job,' far from the sound of machine-guns. There remain the two old rivals, Victor, the eloquent, the man of words, and Bron, the silent, the man of deeds, who are left to fight side by side, and to prove their mettle under the bitter yoke of trial. The fate of Victor is appalling, and the cup of his degradation complete. The worst punishment the war had to deal out was reserved for 'those who were too weak to bear as much as they had tried to bear for the sake of us all.' That, at any rate, was how Molly excused her man, when she came back at last, to a world maimed and twisted out of recognition, to a home impoverished and shortly to be abandoned, but at any rate to the compensation of a love that had weathered the storm, and was ready with courage for the future. 'Goo' night. Fun to-morrow.' The old, familiar English capacity for speeding sorrow like a parting guest, and for turning with a frolic welcome to the next adventure in the lists, having brought the country through the war, will doubtless see it through the peace as well. 'Tremendous' — that is the watchword. The readiness is all.

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

MR. C. E. MONTAGUE's work demands to be judged by none but the highest standard, and, so judged, *Rough Justice* must, we think, be classed among the brilliant failures. It is instinct with wit and poetry and generous anger, it contains some of the finest prose that Mr. Montague has written, and it has moments of great beauty and considerable dramatic power. But these things, grateful though one is for

them, do not suffice to make a satisfactory novel. This story of Auberon Garth — his birth, his childhood, his education, and his experience of the war — is subtly tainted throughout by a hint of didacticism that one finds difficult to forgive in a novelist, however acceptable it may be from the author of a personal essay. Here we have, in effect, *Disenchantment* translated into terms of fiction and not improved in the process. When a moralist uses fiction as an instrument of castigation he takes the risk of presenting us with a set of attitudes instead of with a set of characters, and it is to this danger that Mr. Montague's art has succumbed. The people of his story fall too easily into two classes — the people he loves and the people he cannot bear. Chief among the former are Bron himself, Molly his foster-sister, and Thomas Garth his father.

These are handled with an affection that is almost complacent, with a tenderness that more than once becomes sentimental. These, we are to understand, are the right sort of people, sensitive, simple-hearted, austere devoted to duty; and to their number must be added such types as Corporal Cart, whose unadulterated goodness is rather tiresomely insisted upon. These are ideal beings, and their reactions to life are so uniformly admirable that one cannot believe them to have been made of flesh and blood.

England at war is the real theme of the book, and for this reason, as for others, one wishes that Mr. Montague had dealt more expeditiously with the childhood of his hero and heroine. The prelude is overlong, and its intrinsic value is dubious. The children are rendered less attractive than they might have been by a diligent, fond record of their 'quaint sayings,' phonetically spelled. This sentimentalism — surprising in so gifted a writer — is a radical defect in these early

chapters: no childish charm can survive such a phrase as 'lamps o' blooty,' the exclamation with which Bron, at a tender age, greets the sight of daffodils glowing in a twilight garden. From such things we turn with relief to Colin March and Victor Nevin — the first a creation of pure wit, the very voice of mockery, and the second a cruel study of just the kind of superior person, full of fine words, that Mr. Montague most despises. It cannot be said that Mr. Montague, who seems unable to create a complex and living character, is always fair to Victor Nevin, but at least he makes him the occasion for a clever piece of malicious portraiture and, later on, for a masterly piece of narrative. For Victor Nevin, Molly's betrothed, fails to translate his brave words into deeds; he is tricked, partly by his own weakness and partly by circumstances, into deserting from the army, and finally is caught and executed. The chapter in which the officer in charge of the firing party, a foul creature called Immals, relates to Auberon Garth the details of his friend's execution is one of the most dreadful and salutary things in modern literature.



BOOKS MENTIONED

- AUSTIN, BERTRAM, and LLOYD, W. FRANCIS. *The Secret of High Wages*. London: T. Fisher Unwin, 1926. 3s. 6d. (See the *Living Age*, March 27, 1926.)
- JENNINGS, H. S. *Prometheus*. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$1.00.
- MACKENZIE, COMPTON. *Carnival*. New York: D. Appleton and Company, 1912, \$2.50.
- The Parson's Progress*. New York: George H. Doran Company, 1924, \$2.50. *The Passionate Elopement*. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1916, \$1.50. *Poor Relations*. New York: Harper and Brothers, 1920, \$2.00. *Sinister Street*. New York: D. Appleton and Company, 1914, \$2.50.

OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

Doughty Deeds, by R. B. Cunninghame Graham.
New York: Lincoln MacVeagh, The Dial Press,
1925. \$3.75.

AMONG the many biographies written nowadays it is surprising that there are so many really good ones. And it is largely due to such men as Mr. Cunninghame Graham that modern biography can claim a position of such importance. *Doughty Deeds* is an excellent example of what a first-rate author can do with a slight subject. Mr. Graham, in this life of his eighteenth-century Scottish ancestor, who was both poet and politician, has only the weakest of threads from which to weave his narrative. So, lacking the tangible facts of Robert Graham of Gartmore's life, he collects what material he has and translates it into a light and humorous language of his own. One of the chief reasons why we can enjoy this book so fully is the fact that the author apparently was at no time bored by his subject. The past is so overcrowded with dutiful and exact biographies that a book like this stands out as an excellent sample of the new spirit that is entering into this type of literature.

The Dark Tower, by Francis Brett Young. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1926. \$2.00.

THIS is a tale of hereditary temperament set in the picturesque background of the Welsh border mountains. The author is deliberate in his search for the romantic. He achieves the bizarre. One regrets an ingenuity in the telling of the story that heightens its artificiality. In a novel the intrusions of the author are rarely grateful, since they only come between the reader and the characters presented. Not, however, that one at any time becomes intimate with Alaric Grosmont. There is much about him that can never be understood, for he is that now familiar figure of modern fiction, the Incoherent Egoist. His actions are caused by strange promptings of the soul, unrelated to common-sense. He is a mystic: he is a child. Such persons do not commend themselves to the ordinary reasonable reader. Therefore the author usually makes them as beautiful as Greek gods. Mr. Young, on the contrary, has risked making his hero physically almost repulsive. Too grotesque to stir much sympathy, Alaric nevertheless blunders through the book in interesting fashion. One would be equally diverted by the antics of a monkey in the zoo. For one remains an outsider never achieving a personal introduction to the

Grosmonts — which, to judge from their rudeness, is perhaps just as well.

The Life of Benito Mussolini, by Marguerita G. Sarfatti. With a Preface by Benito Mussolini. Translated by Frederic Whyte. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company, 1926. \$5.00.

THIS book, written from an ardent pro-Fascist standpoint by an enthusiastic admirer and former editorial associate of Benito Mussolini, possesses few of the characteristics of a serious historical document. But it is a lively and readable life of an exceedingly interesting man, written with a certain vivid persuasiveness that carries the reader with it. Moreover, both as a character-study and as a narrative of almost current events, the book throws much light on Italy's recent history, and is of great assistance in interpreting contemporary political conditions in that country.

George Westover, by Eden Phillpotts. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1926. \$2.00.

It is rarely that a novel is published to-day whose whole conception and style are completely uninfluenced by modern tendencies. The story opens in 1871, soon after Sir George Westover has retired from the Indian Civil Service, and is concerned with his struggles to live lavishly on a judge's pension. The author assumes that his readers will have a considerable knowledge of the political, social, and religious ideas current near the end of the eighteenth century. Those who have such knowledge will find this an interesting though uninspired tale, while others may enjoy some of the characters without being attracted by the book as a whole.

Disraeli and Gladstone, by D. C. Somervell. New York: George H. Doran Company, 1926. \$3.50.

AN admiration for both Disraeli and Gladstone is not the least of the qualifications which Mr. Somervell brought to the making of this pleasant book. A study of the interaction of two such men, the Radical aristocrat and the Tory Jew, gives a better picture of political life and ideas in the nineteenth century than any other method, particularly when the author has a bright and engaging style. A passion for mixed metaphors can be forgiven in the writer of an interesting and useful volume.



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